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were sculpted, the last of his race would no doubt be well on his way to the Happy Hunting-grounds. There is a great deal of sentiment attaching to statues; they make people feel good and do not interfere with the practical enterprises of a workaday world, and therefore we are in favour of having as many of them as possible, freely accessible to all.

THE Soviet Government of Russia has entered into a treaty with Persia which sets a brand-new style for treaties. Persia, it will be remembered, was divided between the Tsar and the British Government with calm aplomb, as a couple of piccaninnies might go snacks on a stolen watermelon. Years of experience under these eminent masters taught the Persians practically everything worth knowing about the gentle art of being exploited. The Soviet Government has now cancelled all the old agreements about these "spheres of influence"; it has also cancelled all the loans which the Tsar's Government forced upon Persia; and it has unconditionally made over all the Russian assets left in Persia—credits, lands, buildings, railways and their equipment, power-stations, telephones and telegraphs. The Persians must have rubbed their eyes and wondered what sort of easy-going gentry they had encountered.

BUT after this, can anyone wonder that the Soviet Government is regarded by the civilized Governments as something to be killed off at all costs, by fair means or foul, by violence, by blockade, or, when these fail, by the method of the snake in the grass? This sort of thing sets an example of intolerable international practice. The regular thing is for imperialist Governments to get all four feet in the trough of small and weak countries and make away with every form of economic spoil that can be gorged or guzzled. Think of Morocco under the gentle ministrations of our French friends; think of Tripoli and of Egypt; think of Korea and Shantung! The Soviet Government, in its arrangements with Persia and Afghanistan, has put forth a new and scandalous international method. It says, in effect, We will give you back as far as possible all the old Tsarist Government stealings, and help you all we can to get up on your own feet and stay there.

THIS, really, is the unforgivable offence. The civilized Governments of the world made no bones whatever of going in heartily, hand and glove, with the good old buccaneering regime of the Tsar, which regime might have struck an unprejudiced observer as being now and then a little arbitrary in its methods, perhaps even somewhat inhumane. But on the point of economic exploitation, the Tsar was sound and orthodox; hence the Allied Governments upheld his hands as long as he lived, and still uphold them in spirit. That is why their snivelling denunciations of the dark and bloody deeds of the Soviet Government make us, frankly, just a little tired. We never noticed that dark and bloody deeds disqualified any Government for the hearty friendship and enthusiastic support of the United States Government, for instance. It could stand Trepov, Protopopov and Stolypin; it can stand Sir Hamar Greenwood; but Lenin and Chicherin are something else again. Isn't it queer as Dick's hat-band that the one Government which is served up to us day after day as a monster of villainy is the one Government on earth that treats exploitable countries as the Soviet Government treated Persia and Afghanistan?

## CURRENT COMMENT.

WHEN Mr. Ford and President Harding were stretched at their ease under the trees after the alfresco dinner that has been cinematographed around the world, did they, perchance, happen to mention Mr. Newberry of Michigan? A Senate sub-committee is said to have prepared an extra-thick pail of whitewash for this pachydermatous patriot, and the country may look forward to an early debate in the most august parliamentary body in the world that will disclose the shocked virtue of the Democrats—who would never, never countenance such conduct in one of their party if they were in the majority, oh, no!—and the rigid formalism of the Republicans who, in the light of the recount, will want to know what all the shouting's about. Yet, to strengthen their position and to make the whitewash gleam by contrast, they will shy a few lumps of mud at Henry—and all the while the new junior Senator from Delaware will be so glad that he got his by appointment!

A STATUE of General George Washington has now been set up in Trafalgar Square ferninst the figure of Lord Nelson, as a gift from the people of the State of Virginia to the people of Great Britain. Lord Curzon, head of the British Foreign Office, in his speech of acceptance, said that Washington was "a great Englishman; one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived," and "though he fought us and vanquished us, he was fighting for ideals and principles which are as sacred to us as they are to the American people." This is excellent. We are reminded of a day in the summer of 1911, when we wandered into Clermont-Ferrand not long after the unveiling of the superb equestrian statue of Vercingetorix which adorns the public square, bearing on its pedestal his great words "I took up arms for the liberty of all." The United States should not be behindhand in such matters, and therefore we suggest the erection of a monument to Sitting Bull, preferably on the White House lawn. The ideals and principles which history attributes to Washington are sufficiently near extinct in England and America so that they can afford to be sacred; Vercingetorix would have a lonesome time of it if he could get down off his horse and talk things over with M. Millerand, and if he aired any of the revolutionary sentiments that he expounded to the Roman conqueror, he would probably be handed over to the gendarmes; and by the time the statue of Sitting Bull



ALTHOUGH the public has had no intimation concerning the nature of the terms offered to Ireland by the British Government, it would seem that Mr. de Valera and his associates have found in the proposals a basis for discussion with the British Premier. At the same time, there are hints that Ulster is inclined to be recalcitrant. If this be true, and if Ulster should really refuse a peace settlement that was acceptable to the British Government and Sinn Féin, one would think it were about time for the British Government to give critical attention to its traditional policy of playing off one section of Ireland against another, and to decide whether it is not, after all, a bit mistaken. Once before, in 1914, the British Government's Ulster policy, which had served as a weapon against Irish republican sentiment, proved to be a boomerang; it was only the advent of the war which prevented the development of a serious domestic crisis from Ulster's opposition to the Home Rule Act passed by Mr. Asquith's Government. Now again, in 1921, it looks as if Mr. Lloyd George's efforts towards peace in Ireland might come to grief upon the rock of Ulster's opposition; which is to say that the British Government may yet find itself repeating the tragic history of Frankenstein.

ONE of the likeliest ways of getting a doubtful measure through Congress is to lay stress upon its value from a military viewpoint. Therefore, Secretaries Denby and Weeks may prove to be very effective propagandists for the dye-trust. Both these gentlemen have lately requested the Senate Finance Committee to reinstate in the tariff-bill the dye-embargo thrown out by the House, on the ground that the unhampered development of the dye-industry is necessary to national defence. The dye-business, it seems, is closely connected with the manufacture of explosives and poison gases; the dye-factories can be quickly converted to the manufacture of these materials, which our Secretaries of War and the Navy expect to see extensively used in the next war. The chemical foundation should therefore, they imply, be granted a subsidy of several millions yearly in the form of an embargo on German dyes, in order that they may turn to the manufacture of war-material when the time comes. This is something new in the way of taxation for military purposes, and strikes us as being about as questionable as the product hitherto put out by our domestic dye-makers.

It is not clear whether it is the making of dyes or the making of high explosives and war-gases that the American Dyes Institute describes as "creative chemistry." However, we have the word of their counsel, Mr. Choate, for it, that the foundation has been engaged in distributing literature designed "to appeal to the educational side of the public and to show them the value of creative chemistry in national life." This public-spirited work has caused the foundation to have a sizable deficit, but its counsel is optimistic enough to believe that it will be enabled to continue its "beneficent service" through the ten-per-cent royalty which it receives from the users of the patents which it bought from its President, Mr. Francis P. Garvin, while he was Alien Property Custodian. We are inclined to share Mr. Choate's optimism; somehow, we feel sure, the foundation will manage to worry along; and the monopoly-prices which will result from the proposed embargo ought to go a long way towards wiping out its deficit, one would think.

THE zeal of our Federal officials charged with the enforcement of the prohibition law is really worthy of a better cause. Nothing, it seems, not even international law, is to be allowed to stand in their way, if one may credit the statement of policy recently given out by District Attorney William Hayward. "This Government," says Colonel Hayward, if he is correctly quoted, "will order the arrest of conspirators against the laws of this country in any part of the world, providing the Government agents believe they have enough evidence to con-

vict." Now here is a new and original concept of the power and extent of our Federal law, and we should say one which contemplates no end of complications with foreign Governments if it be put into practice. The Federal Government has for so long done exactly as it pleased with its own people that it may have lost sight of the possibility that other peoples may put some sort of price on their own sovereignty. Indeed, considering the far-reaching implications of Colonel Hayward's statement, it is not surprising that the Department of Justice has asked its zealous deputy for an explanation.

COLONEL HAYWARD's revolutionary policy was carried out in the seizure of the schooner "Henry L. Marshall," a ship of British registry, outside the three-mile limit. Thus American citizens have been treated to the edifying spectacle of officials of their Government playing pirates. Having the vessel once safely in their clutches, these gentlemen looked up the law and found what they regarded as a legal excuse for extending the three-mile limit to twelve miles. This is in pursuance of our usual policy of making law not a matter of right and wrong but of convenience. It remains to be seen whether foreign Governments will fall in with this view. Meanwhile, as long as gasoline holds out to burn, there seems to be no good reason why the rum-seeking brethren should not take their launches out to twelve miles about as easily as three. This paper takes little stock in militarism, but since we live perforce in a militaristic world, why not get as much fun out of it as possible? We would suggest that a couple of British battleships, one on either side of a rum-schooner as it skirts the twelve-mile limit, would afford a highly amusing spectacle, and withal quite discomfiting to our official law-breakers.

It might have been expected that the railway-operators would complain of Mr. Ford's reduction in freight-rates on his private railway, the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton; for his action gives their game away completely. It demonstrates that when a railway is run as a business-concern it can carry freight at a profit for twenty per cent less than is now being charged by the other roads of the country; and this at a time when railway-supplies are bringing monopoly-prices. But, strange to say, such complaints as have been made against Mr. Ford's new rates do not seem to be coming from the railways. The Northern West Virginia Coal Association has appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission not to allow Mr. Ford to cut his rates, on the ground that his action would break down the entire freight-rate structure in the Ohio territory. Just how such a breakdown could hurt the coal-companies is not clear; as shippers they might be expected to welcome an all-round reduction of rates. So far as we know this is the first time in the history of the country that shippers have complained at the prospect of being able to ship their goods at a reduced cost.

THE miners' terms for a settlement of the prolonged strike in the Mingo coal-fields of West Virginia are noteworthy, not so much because they are reasonable as because of the light they throw on the nature of that controversy. Among them are such proposals as these: establishment of an eight-hour working day; that employees shall have the right to trade where they desire; that employees shall have the right to elect checkweighers, and that 2000 pounds shall constitute a ton; that where coal is not weighed on a standard scale and the miner is paid by the car or the measure, the weight of each car shall be stamped thereon. There is not a demand in this list which common honesty would not grant to be eminently just and allowable as a matter of course. Yet to secure these terms, the Mingo miners have been on strike for months, with all the power of the mine-operators and the State of West Virginia arrayed against them. Such situations as this afford a pretty disheartening close-up view of the workings of our industrial system.



SPEAKING of our industrial system, Mr. G. H. Planten, vice-President of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way and Shop Foremen, recently made a few remarks which have a very direct bearing on this subject. "The labouring man of the United States," said Mr. Planten, "can be Father, Son and Holy Ghost of every damn thing in this country if he wants to. Organized he can do everything he wants to." We should say that Mr. Planten is only partly right. The present precarious situation of organized labour has made it clear that, organized, the labouring man can do everything he wants to do only in periods when there is a labour-shortage, such as in time of war. But neither Mr. Planten nor any other labour-leader in this country that this paper knows of seems to conceive of labour's wanting anything which can possibly bring about any permanent betterment of our system of industrial exploitation. To our way of thinking, Mr. Planten and his associates seem all too willing to accept as the desideratum for the labouring-man the "full dinner-pail" that employers and politicians talk about so expansively when they wish, for one reason or another, to curry favour with labour. Until the labouring man shall come to entertain a little better idea of himself and what it is his right to expect from this world, he will be in no position to play Father, Son and Holy Ghost to any very useful purpose, be he organized or not.

THERE is a sharp and pungent quality that is very pleasing to our taste in the recent protest of the British Association of Schoolmasters against the continuance of the teaching profession in England as a sweated trade. The Association's statement points out that the latest scale of salaries awarded to schoolmasters in government schools "gave men of nineteen years' service about £2.15.0 per week in pre-war values." The Government is now proposing a further twenty per cent cut on all educational expenditures, and this at a time, the Association points out, when the Government is spending £170,000 to pay for the decking out in scarlet uniforms of the five regiments of the Guards, to say nothing of £24,000,000 for a military expedition in Mesopotamia. One result of the British Government's policy of starving education is that men are no longer becoming schoolteachers. Last year, in all England, only 803 young men entered the Government's service as schoolmasters. But perhaps, after all, there is a method in the general preference of all governments for military rather than educational expenditures, for what is the use, our rulers may well ask, of spending money to develop a child's brains when at the same time you are spending so much to blow them out.

THE other day a number of estimable ladies and gentlemen waited on the British Minister of Education, Mr. Fisher, to urge upon him the need for the revision of the teaching of history in schools and colleges. Mr. H. G. Wells, who was one of the petitioners, said: "Unless we have a wider teaching of history, going beyond national range, we are bound to have impatience, and all sorts of unhappy struggles, and moods of apathy alternating with moods of hysterical combativeness; and the whole of international affairs has to go to the tune of that." Mr. Fisher's reply to all this was worthy of the genial young Barnacle of the Circumlocution Office. He was, he assured the deputation, instituting an inquiry into the teaching of history in Government schools, and he hoped that when that inquiry had been completed he would be better able to consider in which direction improvements were called for. With that the deputation went home, presumably well satisfied with the good day's work they had done, and with the courtesy and attention with which they had been received, and the Minister went out to lunch.

IN Sweden, however, where the eyes of the Government are not upon the ends of the earth, and where all is not sacrificed for the blessed word Mesopotamia, the educa-

tional authorities have lately put into force some of the ideas which Mr. Wells and his fellow petitioners have been urging upon the British authorities. In an admirable document recently issued to teachers of history the Swedish Minister of Education says: "The teaching of history must be planned and carried out in such a manner as to make the development of peaceful culture through the centuries its chief object. . . . The teacher should take pains not to foster hatred and enmity towards other nations, and should impress upon his pupils that peace and a good understanding among all nations is the chief condition upon which the common progress of humanity depends. Children must be made to feel that heroes in the work of peace exist, and that through their courage and self-sacrifice their countries have been well served." Our own American Legion, we believe, is deeply interested in the teaching of historical truth to the youth of America; we share their concern and would suggest the appointment of a commission of the Legion to investigate the quality and character of history-teaching in England and Sweden and to report upon the results of such teaching as manifested in the spirit, intelligence, and happiness of the children.

THE untutored savage sometimes shows himself remarkably apt in matters of diplomacy. For instance, the united tribes of the Six Nations in Canada are reported to be sending a deputation to King George objecting to the interference of the Canadian Government in their private affairs. The Government at Ottawa, it appears, is about to pass a bill providing for the enfranchisement of Indians as Canadian citizens, and the Six Nations object to this legislation on the ground that by the terms of the treaty under which they settled in the Grand River Valley they are independent within their own limits. Therefore, they contend, they are allies of the Crown, not subjects, and the Canadian Government has no jurisdiction over them. Just why the Canadian Government is eager to include the Six Nations in its citizenship is not clear; but one is inclined to suspect that it is influenced by such practical considerations as the right of a Government to tax its citizens or to conscript them for its armies. Or it may be that the Grand River Valley has developed peculiar attractions for white settlers: we do not know. However that may be, it looks as if His Majesty's Government would shortly be confronted with a reminder of the rights of small nations, from a new and unexpected quarter.

THE first interview released upon the public by a member of the new Moving Picture Commission of New York State justifies to the full all that this paper has ever said in condemnation of the censorship; but let Commissioner Levenson speak for himself: "While the law makes no provision for aiding Americanization work among foreigners," he says, "I believe that the Commission will be able to suggest methods and policies to combat the pernicious influence of the foreign radical press, which now refuses to publish as news-matter or as advertisement anything in opposition to the socialistic, communistic and bolshevistic propaganda. . . . I hope to devote a great deal of time and attention to this phase of the work of the Commission." Thus Mr. Levenson is in the fortunate position of being able to continue—but now at the taxpayers' expense—the anti-socialistic work in which he was engaged before he became one of our Censors.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### ROMANCE IN THE BERKSHIRES.

WILLIAMS College has set up a summer school of politics which has received a great deal of publicity by reason of the eminent names of the lecturers. We have said nothing about it because on looking over the list, which includes Lord Bryce and Signor Tittoni, we decided that nothing need be said. We are mildly interested, however, to observe that, if the reports are correct, the docile listeners at Williams College are getting a grown person's dose of just the kind of thing that we would have predicted for them. In an Associated Press report of 5 August, Viscount Bryce is quoted thus:

It has been frequently said of late years that in several countries the great firms which manufacture munitions of war endeavour to influence military and naval expenditure and resorted to a secret alarmist propaganda, or even tried to stir up ill feeling between nations in order to induce Governments to propose and legislatures to vote large sums for such expenditure. This may have happened in countries which it is better not to name, but no evidence sufficient to confirm so odious a charge has to my knowledge been produced. I do not believe that the thing ever happened in England.

On reading this astonishing statement one might ask the noble lord whether he had ever heard of Mr. Mulliner. Viscount Bryce was in the House of Commons as Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1906 and 1907; and that a man so placed could help hearing of him is simply beyond belief. Mr. Mulliner was managing-director of the Coventry Ordnance Company, a gigantic armament-making concern, of which the bulk of the stock is held by the great firms of John Brown and Company and Cammell, Laird and Company. In May, 1906, he informed the British Admiralty that the Germans were preparing to increase their navy to enormous proportions. Then on 3 March, 1909, Mr. Mulliner gave testimony before the British Cabinet, and it was upon the strength of this testimony that the Government based its demand for a huge increase in the naval estimates. Meanwhile, for the three years between May, 1906, and March, 1909, Mr. Mulliner

gave himself to the work of propagating the myth of a gigantic expansion of Krupp's works in particular, and of German acceleration in general. It was an underground campaign. . . . As soon as it became public, it was emphatically contradicted by Messrs. Krupp, through Mr. John Leyland and other correspondents, and after some years it was practically admitted by the Government to be false, and time has proved that it never had any real basis. It was nevertheless propagated with unrelenting zeal, in forms more and more lurid, and with the gradual assent of the leaders of the Opposition.

The foregoing quotation is from Mr. George Herbert Perris's little work called "The History of a Great Scare," and we lift it not for the sake of authority but because it puts the facts briefly and well. This brings us to another statement in the same speech of Viscount Bryce, reported in a special dispatch to the *New York Herald*. In some observations on Germany's growth before the war, Viscount Bryce is quoted thus:

The commercial rivalry of England and Germany was not the cause of bad feeling so much as the unrestricted building of the German navy. It did not chill the relations of the two peoples, for the English sense of fair play checked it, and it certainly did not affect the official policy of England towards Germany, which continued to be friendly until the extensions of the German navy raised suspicions of a different nature.

In view of the fact that the next article in our series on "The Myth of a Guilty Nation" will exhibit some testimony on the commercial rivalry of England and Germany as a cause of bad feeling between the two countries, we need say nothing about it here. But

really, it is extraordinary that Viscount Bryce should drag out that poor old tattered scarecrow, the German navy, and propose to prop it up in our midst once more. The wonderful secret plan of "acceleration" which the Germans were supposed to be adopting, was hatched up out of whole cloth by that brisk and excellent business-getter, Mr. Mulliner. The German Chancellor repudiated it; so did Admiral von Tirpitz; but notwithstanding, the British Cabinet chose to take the word of the erstwhile managing-director of the Coventry Ordnance Company.

Admiral von Tirpitz told the Budget Committee of the Reichstag that Germany would have thirteen dreadnaughts ready by the autumn of 1912. The British Cabinet, however, chose to say on the strength of Mr. Mulliner's representations, that Germany would have seventeen by the spring of 1912. Mr. Balfour said twenty-five, or at the very fewest, twenty-one!

The fact is that on 31 March, 1912, the Germans had only nine ships ready. In April, 1914, they had thirteen. Admiral von Tirpitz had really overestimated on his programme; except for this exaggeration he was perfectly right. The British Government and "His Majesty's loyal Opposition" were merely scared out of their seven senses by the incantations of the indefatigable Mulliner. Our contributor Historicus, in the second of his papers, 20 July, showed the relative expenditure on new naval construction by Germany and England from 1909 to 1914; the figures are worth re-examining in the light of Viscount Bryce's statement. On England's part a steady increase from £11 million in 1909 to £18 million in 1914; on Germany's part, an increase from £10 million in 1909 to £11 million in 1910 and nearly £11¾ million in 1911, and then a steady reduction to £10 1/3 million in 1914. In 1907-1908, when Mr. Mulliner was at his busiest, and the great naval scare was at its height, total British naval expenditure was £32,735,767; and total German naval expenditure was £14,225,000.

On 21 March, 1909, that jovial sea-dog, Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, wrote to Lord Esher:

The unswerving intention of four years has now culminated in two complete fleets in home waters, each of which is incomparably superior to the whole German fleet mobilized for war. Don't take my word. Count them, see them for yourselves. You will see them next June. This can't alter for years, even were we supinely passive in our building; but it won't alter, because we will have eight dreadnaughts a year—so sleep quiet in your beds. The Germans are not building in this feverish haste to fight you. No, it's the daily dread they have of a second Copenhagen, which they know a Pitt or a Bismarck would execute on them.

The reference to a "second Copenhagen" points to a plan which Fisher advocated in and out of season, of crossing the North Sea in 1908, pouncing upon the German fleet without a declaration of war, and landing 100,000 troops upon the coast of Pomerania.

That is what glorious old Jack Fisher thought of the "menace" of the Germany navy—Jack Fisher, as fine an old pirate as ever scuttled a ship, who knew his trade from end to end and was not ashamed of it, and who hated the miserable lying chicanery of the propagandist and diplomat, with a blistering and righteous hatred. Fisher was a man whom friend and enemy could respect. If the noble old freebooter were living, we would send him a copy of Viscount Bryce's remarks about the German navy, merely for the fun of hearing what he had to say. But in all our comments on the address at Williams College, we are not primarily interested in Viscount Bryce's habit of veracity. In our judgment,



a man who would stand sponsor for the British official report on German atrocities, popularly known in this country as the Bryce Report, would do anything. We regret to say this, but it is our firm conviction. What really interests us is that this is the sort of thing that is being retailed at the Williams College summer institute of politics; precisely as the prospectus and publicity of the institute would have led us to bet the devil our head that it would be.

### BREAD AND INTERVENTION.

It would require a considerable amount of *naïveté* to take the concern of the Allied Governments over the Russian famine for anything but what it is, namely: their latest interventionist move, long expected and carefully prepared for. Not, indeed, that those Governments could have foreseen the drought which has furthered their designs, but in addition to their military support of counter-revolutionist undertakings, they have been trying ever since the birth of the Soviet Government to starve the Russian people into regulating their internal affairs in a manner satisfactory to Western officialdom; that is, to reassume the burden of the Tsarist debt and the Tsarist system of exploitation, masquerading under a new form of political organization such as a republic, or perhaps a constitutional monarchy.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Russia could not only have been importing food from Western Europe and America years ago, but she could likewise have had all the assistance which Mr. Hoover's relief-organization could give, if the Soviet Government had been willing to accept the humiliation which a good old-fashioned charity-organization always imposes upon those unfortunate enough to become its beneficiaries. But the Soviet Government has been obdurate; it has steadily refused to give the usual assurances about its origin, its past performances and its intentions for the future. Therefore, Mr. Hoover has quietly piled up his supplies and awaited the period of Russia's extremity, while those Governments with which his administration is so closely associated did their best to hasten it along. A recent London dispatch states, significantly enough, that

the reserve-supplies of the [American] relief-organization at Hamburg and Danzig *which have been accumulating for months with a view to the possibility of assistance to Russia* [italics ours] are considered sufficient to carry on the work until shipments arrive from America.

At last the time is at hand. The prolonged drought, coming after seven years of continuous war and economic disintegration, has produced a famine-condition which no Government under like conditions could cope with singlehanded, and so it looks as if Mr. Hoover's forces, with the Soviet Government's consent, would soon be going into Russia on his own terms. Those terms, as this paper has already remarked, amount to an abridgement of the Soviet Government's sovereignty as far as the relief-administration is concerned.

This means that Mr. Hoover's organization will be able to do precisely as it likes in Russia without fear of interference by the Soviet authorities; that is, the organization's members will have every facility for carrying on counter-revolutionary activities among the Russian people, over whom the very nature of their mission will inevitably give them great influence. Small wonder that scores of Russian émigrés are reported to be gathered at Riga, clamouring for the opportunity to enter Russia as members of the administration's relief-committees. Nor is it any wonder that the Executive

Committee of the Third International, seeing this danger, should have declared, in its manifesto calling upon the workers of the world for aid, that the British and American Governments "want the Russian working class to permit in return for a crust of bread the organization of the counter-revolution on Soviet soil." The advantage which the relief-administration will enjoy may likewise have something to do with M. Briand's note to this Government expressing the wish of France to join in the administration's humanitarian undertaking and asking to know its plans as soon as possible.

The Executive Committee of the Third International is disposed to doubt the humanitarian zeal of the French Government in this matter. In the manifesto already quoted, it makes the following charge:

The French Imperialist Government sends troops and munitions to Poland to prepare a base for another attack on Soviet Russia, which shall start in at the moment of deepest distress. The French diplomats are endeavouring to involve Rumania, the Baltic States and the Little Entente in these criminal designs.

This sounds plausible and goes a long way towards explaining the eagerness of the French Government to transport a fresh division of troops into Silesia, where they would have only to cross the friendly State of Poland to get to the Russian border. It may also have something to do with the loud complaints of the French reactionary press against feeding the Russians at all, for fear the Red army might be benefited thereby. There is ground for these complaints; the Soviet Government, knowing the unrelenting vigilance of its enemies, will naturally make every effort to keep its army in condition, just as any "capitalist" Government of the West would do in like circumstances.

As we see it, the Western world has Soviet Russia in the position of a prisoner on a prolonged hunger-strike. The fortieth day having arrived, and the patient being in an extremely weakened condition, they can not be expected to forgo their eleventh-hour opportunity to use, perhaps effectively this time, the methods which have failed them in the past. They do not quite dare adopt the suggestion of the French reactionary press and make the Russians choose between the Soviet Government and starvation; because wholesale starvation engenders plagues which have no regard for national border-lines. Besides, certain Western financial interests have designs upon Russia, and they can not afford to waste a great mass of exploitable human material. So the Western Governments will feed the famine-sufferers, or allow their semi-official agencies to feed them; and they will make their charity pay dividends in the way of anti-Bolshevik propaganda. The counter-revolutionary forces gathered at Paris are perfectly frank in their expectation that the relief of the famine will lead to a new political order in Russia—or better, to the return of the old economic order; and it would appear that there are some folk on our own side of the water who believe that the Soviet Government is as good as gone already. We note that a "technical consortium" has already been formed in the city of New York, with ambitious plans to administer the economic affairs of Russia—at a handsome profit, no doubt.

Kolchak, Judenitch, Denikin, Wrangel—the Allies have backed one white hope after another against the Soviet Government, and failed. The latest and most formidable of these is Famine. If the Soviet Government must yield to necessity and allow its enemies to enter its borders disguised as welfare-workers, it will have need to look to its army, and to every other means by which it may guard against their machinations as



political agents. A bad storm is threatening, or we are no weather prophet; and if we believe that the Soviet Ship of State will weather through, it is simply because we have a good deal of confidence in the men at the helm. Those men have an enormous advantage over their enemies in that they are disinterested statesmen rather than politicians, that they are honest, and that they are shrewd enough to see the game that is being cooked up, and clever enough to defeat it if circumstances do not bear too heavily against them.

### OUR EMULSIVE GOVERNMENTS.

It is significant that Sir Arnold Wilson, who was until lately a British official governing part of Mesopotamia, on his retirement from the service of his Government forthwith became the chief agent in those parts for the British commercial interests in oil. The London *Times*, protesting against this action of Sir Arnold Wilson's—on the ground that it would seem to identify the British Empire with a trading group—expressed the wish that since the ex-Governor desired to enter the oil-trade, he had done so at any other place than that in which he had held office. But even if Sir Arnold Wilson had pursued the course of rectitude indicated by the *Times*, the question would still remain, to what extent is the British Government distinct from the oil-trade?

In 1914, just before the war, as the result of a parliamentary vote (in which, by the way, the Labour members supported the Government), the British people through their Government acquired shares in the Burma Oil Company, which is a subsidiary company in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It was in order to defend the pipe-lines of this company during the war, that the British expedition to Mesopotamia was undertaken; and in March, 1920, when the Liberal and Labour Opposition called for the withdrawal of British troops from Mesopotamia, Mr. Lloyd George gave as a conclusive reason for remaining there that "It has rich oil-deposits."

The British Government's principal reason for acquiring these oil-shares is, of course, that the navy may henceforth be assured of an unlimited supply of oil; private supplies, it seems, can not be relied upon sufficiently, nor can enough oil be obtained exclusively from sources that are publicly owned. Thus the desire of the British and United States Governments to secure oil for the use of their respective navies is confused in many minds with the desire to secure oil-fields for the profit of private interests in each nation. In the general confusion of popular thought on the subject, and perhaps as a result of the conscious policy of the various oil-groups, the British Government is being identified with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and with the Shell-Royal-Dutch Combine, and the United States Government with the Standard Oil Corporation.

In Great Britain the connexion between the Government and the shareholders of certain oil-companies is very close. The British people, through their Government, own about two-thirds of the capital of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and they are therefore committed, as owners, to protect and develop the property of that company. Private individuals who also hold shares in the same enterprise naturally benefit from having the British Government as a fellow-shareholder: but in theory, at any rate, the Government wants the oil for use and not for profit. Plainly, then, Mr. Lloyd George's Government is assisting private shareholders to get large dividends from the Company, but it is doing more than this; it is working closely in

touch with the private groups which control the oil elsewhere within the British Empire.

In saying this, however, it is important that we should disentangle two very different meanings of the words "British Government." In one sense it means the permanent structure of political organization—it is the British State itself: in another sense, the British Government is simply the group of politicians who happen for the moment to be in control of the situation. The distinction is not always clear even in the minds of these politicians: for they regard themselves as necessary and inevitable, and identify their own interests as a group with the interests of the nation. They therefore cheerfully commit the whole people to action which gives the advantage to themselves rather than to the people. That, of course, is no excuse for the British people; undoubtedly they must bear the full responsibility for what is done in their name by the men they have elected to office.

The policy which is at present being pursued by the British and American Governments in the matter of oil, as in other matters, is by no means the inevitable policy. It is the policy of playing with fire, of naval rivalry and preparedness for another world war. The people of both countries, however, may even yet call a halt when they awake to the fact that their navies and armies ought not to be used as instruments for collecting dividends for private interests.

### A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Our liberal contemporary, the *New Republic*, in its issue of 3 August, came forward with a manful and excellent restatement of its stand on President Harding's disarmament-conference, and its stand turns out to be much like our own. The conference is a *pis aller*; little can be expected of it save through the uncovenanted mercies of Providence; but even so, it is worth countenancing as a sort of sporting flyer for possible general results. Something of the same point of view can be discerned in a rather dishevelled editorial paragraph published by our other liberal contemporary, the *Nation*, in its issue of 3 August. One complaint which we had made against these papers—that they were misleading their readers with false hopes—is therefore cancelled handsomely.

The *New Republic* intimates an unfavourable comparison between its conception of duty and our own, implying that our chief concern is with being able to say when the conference fizzles out, "I told you so." We do not know how we managed to give this impression, but we sincerely regret it, because, whatever impression we give, no one could take a less personal view of these matters than we do. One must be very young or very bumptious to have lived through the war and through the peace and yet be able to care much what becomes of oneself or one's opinions, provided one may do one's share towards re-establishing a regard for reason and order in a highly irrational and disorderly world. If Mr. Harding's conference turns out as badly as we and our contemporaries think it may, we shall feel no elation but on the contrary, keen regret. There may be those who are less interested in a philosophy or a principle than they are in their own connexion with it; but they are of the sort that one looks at and passes by. We never thought that the *New Republic* was of this sort, and are sincerely sorry if we have given cause for it to think so poorly of us.

The *New Republic* thinks it is "the business of liberals and of all others who prefer peace to war, to



join in the work of clarifying public opinion and focussing it upon the points in the situation that are most pertinent." This is our belief; it is precisely the thing that we have been urging upon the *New Republic* and the *Nation* ever since they undertook to discuss this question of disarmament. The points in the situation that are most pertinent seem to us to be those that we have repeatedly brought to the attention of our liberal friends. They are, first, the relation between the enforced exportation of capital and the upkeep of armaments; second, the relation between landlordism, or the private monopoly of economic rent, and the enforced exportation of capital. There are other questions relating to freedom of production and freedom of exchange, but these are the two which we have brought forward oftenest, perhaps, and upon which we have been most insistent. To show how pertinent they are to any discussion of the forthcoming conference, we published in our issue of 3 August an editorial paragraph exhibiting the present status of special interests in China alone. The paragraph ran as follows:

Japan claims certain exclusive rights in Manchuria; Great Britain asserts control of a sphere of influence in the whole Yangtze Valley; the United States has railway-concessions through middle China; Belgium and Holland have similar interests; France dominates the Chinese postal-system; England controls the Chinese maritime customs; Japan enjoys valuable and exclusive rights in the province of Fukien; and there is an American concession in China which is based on a tobacco-tax monopoly. . . . We ask again, as long as landlordism compels the wholesale exportation of capital, resulting in such a conflict of interests as China, for example, exhibits to-day, how can any nation disarm?

This question seems fair; it seems pertinent; and we have raised it in one form or another many times, not only to our liberal friends but to the political advocates of disarmament, like Senators La Follette and Borah, and to the various societies and foundations for the promotion of peace. It is moreover an important question; much more important to the *New Republic's* readers, one would think, than any amount of disquisition upon the *Freeman's* low and imperfect sense of public service. Yet the fact is that not one of the political, institutional or journalistic advocates of disarmament has once mentioned it!

So, patiently and wearily, and with commiseration for the weariness of our readers, we raise it once again. We invite the *New Republic* to discuss it—not with us, we hasten to add; we are not trying, we have never wished, to dragoon our liberal friends into a debate. We pledge the *New Republic* our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour, that if it will but discuss this question, it shall remain, as far as we are concerned, answerable only to its own intellectual integrity. We shall not criticize or offer any reply whatever, except perhaps a word of thanks and appreciation. On the same terms we importune Senators La Follette and Borah, the peace-societies, foundations, religious organizations and the various institutions of formal internationalism, like the Clarté group and the Union for Democratic Control, to pick this question up and do with it something, anything—anything that their conscience and intelligence direct—but to do something.

## TO CHEKHOV'S MEMORY.

### III

CHEKHOV's study in his Yalta house was not big, about twelve strides long and six wide, modest, but breathing a peculiar charm. Just opposite the entrance was a large square window in a frame of yellow-coloured glass. To the left of the entrance, by the window, stood a writing

table, and behind it was a small niche, lighted from the ceiling by a tiny window. In the niche was a Turkish divan. To the right, in the middle of the wall, was a brown fireplace of Dutch tiles. On the top of the fireplace there was a small hole where a tile was missing, and in this was hung a carelessly painted but lovely evening landscape of a field with hay-ricks in the distance; the work of Levitan. In the corner was a door, through which might be seen Chekhov's bachelor bedroom, a bright, gay room, shining with a certain virgin cleanliness, whiteness and innocence. The walls of the study were covered with dark and gold papers, and by the writing table hung a printed placard: "You are requested not to smoke." Immediately by the entrance-door, to the right, there was a bookcase with books. On the mantelpiece stood some bric-à-brac and among them a beautifully made model of a sailing ship. There were many pretty things made of ivory and wood on the writing table; models of elephants being in the majority. Hanging on the walls were portraits of Tolstoy, Grigorovitch, and Turgenev. On a little table in a fan-like stand were a number of photographs of actors and authors. Heavy, dark curtains hung on both sides of the window. On the floor was a large carpet of Oriental design, which softened all the outlines and darkened the study; yet the light from the window fell evenly and pleasantly on the writing table. The room smelled of fine scents of which Chekhov was very fond. From the window one looked out onto an open horseshoe-shaped hollow, running down to the sea, and onto the sea itself, surrounded by an amphitheatre of houses. On the left, on the right, and behind, the mountains rose in a semi-circle. In the evening, when the lights were lit in the hilly environs of Yalta and the lights and the stars over them were so mixed that you could not distinguish one from the other—then the place reminded one of certain spots in the Caucasus.

This is what always happens—you get to know a man; you have studied his appearance, bearing, voice and manners, and yet you can always recall his face as it was when you saw it for the first time, completely different from the present. Thus, after several years of friendship with Chekhov, there is preserved in my memory the Chekhov whom I saw for the first time in the public room of the Hotel London in Odessa. He seemed to me then tall, lean, but broad in the shoulders, with a somewhat stern look. Signs of illness were not then noticeable, unless in his walk—which was weak, and as if on somewhat bent knees. If I were asked what he looked like at first sight, I should say: a Zemstvo doctor or a teacher of a provincial secondary school. But there was also in him something plain and modest, something extraordinarily Russian—of the people. In his face, speech and manners there was also a touch of the Moscow undergraduate's carelessness. Many people saw that in him, and I among them. But a few hours later I saw a completely different Chekhov—a Chekhov whose face could never be caught by any photograph, who, unfortunately, was not understood by any painter who drew him. I saw the most beautiful, refined and spiritual face that I have ever come across in my life.

Many said that Chekhov had blue eyes. It is a mistake, but a mistake strangely common to all who knew him. His eyes were dark, almost brown, and the iris of his right eye was considerably brighter, which gave his look, at certain moments, an expression of absent-mindedness. His eyelids hung rather heavy upon his eyes, as is so often to be observed in artists, hunters, and sailors, and all those who concentrate their gaze. Owing to his pincenez and his manner of looking through the bottom of his glasses somewhat tilted upwards, Chekhov's face often seemed stern. But one ought to have seen him at certain moments—rare, alas, during the last years—when gaiety possessed him, and when with a quick movement of the hand, he threw off his glasses and swung back in his chair and burst into gay, sincere and deep laughter. Then his eyes became narrow and bright, with good-natured little wrinkles at the corners. He reminded one then of



that youthful portrait in which he is seen as a beardless boy, smiling, short-sighted and naïve, looking rather sideways. Strange though it is, each time that I look at that photograph, I can not rid myself of the thought that Chekhov's eyes were really blue.

Looking at Chekhov one noticed his forehead, which was wide, white and pure, and beautifully shaped; two thoughtful straight folds came between the eyebrows, by the bridge of the nose—two vertical melancholy folds. Chekhov's ears were large and not shapely, but such sensible, intelligent ears I have seen only in one other man—Tolstoy.

Once in the summer, availing myself of Chekhov's good humour, I took several photographs of him with a little camera. Unfortunately the best of them and those most like him turned out very pale, owing to the weak light of the study. Of the others, which were more successful, Chekhov said as he looked at them: "Well, you know, it is not me but some Frenchman."

I remember now very vividly the grip of his large, dry and hot hand—a grip, always strong, and manly but at the same time reserved, as if it were consciously concealing something. I also visualize now his handwriting: thin, with extremely fine strokes, careless at first sight and inelegant, but, when you looked closer, it seemed very distinct, tender, fine and characteristic, like everything else about him.

#### IV

Chekhov used to get up, in the summer at least, very early in the morning. None even of his most intimate friends ever saw him carelessly dressed, nor did he approve of lazy habits, like wearing slippers, dressing gowns or light jackets. At eight or nine o'clock he was already pacing his study or at his writing table, always impeccably and neatly dressed.

Evidently his best time for work was in the morning before lunch, although nobody ever managed to find him writing: in this respect he was extraordinarily reserved and shy. All the same, on nice warm mornings he could be seen sitting on a slope behind the house, in the cosiest part of the place, where oleanders stood in tubs along the walls, and where he had planted a cypress. There he would sit sometimes for an hour or longer, alone, without stirring, looking in front of him at the sea.

About midday and later visitors began to fill the house. Girls stood for hours at the iron railings, separating the bungalow from the road, with open mouths. The most diverse people came to see him: scholars, authors, Zemstvo workers, doctors, soldiers, painters, admirers of both sexes, professors, society men and women, senators, priests, actors and God knows who else. Often he was asked to give advice or help, and still more often to give his opinion upon manuscripts. Casual newspaper-reporters and people who were merely inquisitive would appear; also people who came to him with the sole purpose of "directing the big, but erring, talent to the proper, ideal side." Beggars came—genuine and sham. These never met with a refusal. I do not think it right to mention individual cases, but I know for certain that Chekhov's generosity towards students of both sexes, was immeasurably beyond what his modest means would allow.

People came to him from all strata of society, of all camps, of all shades. Notwithstanding the work of so continuous a stream of visitors, there was something attractive in it to Chekhov. He got first-hand knowledge of everything that was going on at any given moment in Russia. How mistaken were those who wrote or supposed that he was a man indifferent to public interests, to the whirling life of the intelligentsia, and to the burning questions of his time! He watched everything carefully and thoughtfully. He was tormented and distressed by all the things which tormented the minds of the best Russians. One had only to see how in those terrible times, when the absurd, dark, evil phenomena of our public life were discussed in his presence, he knitted his thick eyebrows, and how martyred his face looked, and what a deep sorrow shone in his beautiful eyes.

It is fitting to mention here one fact which, in my opinion, superbly illustrates Chekhov's attitude to the stupidities of Russian life. Many know that he resigned the rank of an honorary member of the Academy; the motives of his resignation are known; but very few have read his letter to the Academy—a splendid letter, written with a simple and noble dignity, and with the restrained indignation of a great soul.

To the August President of the Academy.

Your Imperial Highness,

August President:

In December of last year I received a notice of the election of A. M. Pyeshkov (Maxim Gorky) as an honorary academician, and I took the first opportunity of seeing A. M. Pyeshkov, who was then in the Crimea. I was the first to bring him news of his election and I was the first to congratulate him. . . . Some time later, it was announced in the newspapers that, in view of proceedings according to Article 1035 being instituted against Pyeshkov for his political views, his election was cancelled. It was expressly stated that this act came from the Academy of Sciences; and since I am an honorary academician, I also am partly responsible for this act. I have congratulated him heartily on becoming an academician and I consider his election cancelled—such a contradiction does not agree with my conscience. I can not reconcile my conscience to it. The study of Article 1035 has explained nothing to me. After long deliberation I can only come to one decision, which is extremely painful and regrettable to me, and that is to ask most respectfully to be relieved of the rank of honorary academician. With a feeling of deepest respect I have the honour to remain, Your most devoted,

Anton Chekhov.

Queer—to what an extent people misunderstood Chekhov! The "incorrigible pessimist," as he was labelled—he who was never tired of hoping for a bright future, he who never ceased to believe in the invisible but persistent and fruitful work of the best forces of our country. Which of his friends does not remember the favourite phrase, which he would utter so often, sometimes so incongruously and unexpectedly, in a tone of complete assurance: "Look here, don't you see? There is sure to be a constitution in Russia in ten years' time."

Even in that there sounded the *motif* of the joyous future which is awaiting mankind; the *motif* that was audible in all the work of his last years.

By no means all Chekhov's visitors spared his time and nerves, and some of them were quite merciless. I remember one striking and almost incredible instance of the banality and indelicacy which could be displayed by a man of the so-called artistic type.

It was a pleasant, cool and windless summer morning. Chekhov was in an unusually light and cheerful mood. Suddenly there appeared as from the blue a stout gentleman (he subsequently turned out to be an architect), who sent in his card to Chekhov and asked for an interview. Chekhov was willing to receive him. The architect came in, introduced himself, and, without taking any notice of the printed notice "You are requested not to smoke," which was hanging on the wall and without asking any permission, lit a huge, stinking Riga cigar. Then, after paying, as was inevitable, a few stone-heavy compliments to his host, he began on the business which had brought him there.

The business consisted in the fact that the architect's little son, a schoolboy of the third form, had been running in the streets the other day and from a habit peculiar to boys, whilst running, touched with his hand anything he came across: lamp-posts, or posts or fences. At last he managed to push his hand into a barbed-wire fence and thus scratched his palm. "You see now, my worthy Anton Pavlovitch," the architect concluded, "I should very much like you to write a letter about it to the newspaper. It is lucky that Kolya (his boy) got off with a scratch, but it's only a chance. He might have cut an artery—what would have happened then?"

"Yes, it's a nuisance," Chekhov answered, "but, unfortunately, I can not be of any use to you. I do not write, nor have ever written, letters to the newspapers. I write only stories."

"So much the better, so much the better! Put it in a story"—the architect was delighted. "Just put the name



of the landlord in full letters. You may even put in my own name, I do not object to it. . . . Still . . . it would be best, perhaps, if you put only my initials, not the full name. . . . There are only two genuine authors left in Russia, you and Mr. P."—and the architect gave the name of a notorious literary tailor.

I am not able to repeat even a hundredth part of the commonplaces which that architect managed to utter since he made the interview last until he had smoked the cigar to the end, and the study had to be aired for a long time to get rid of the smell. But when at last he left, Chekhov came out into the garden completely upset, with red spots on his cheeks. His voice trembled, as he turned reproachfully to his sister Marie and to a friend who sat on the bench, and said, "Could you not shield me from that man? You should have sent word that I was needed somewhere. He has tortured me!"

I also remember—and this I am sorry to say was partly my fault—how on one occasion a certain self-assured general in the Russian army came to Chekhov to express his appreciation as a reader, and, probably thinking to give Chekhov pleasure, he began, with his legs spread wide open and the fists of his turned-out hands resting upon them, to vilify a young author, whose subsequent great popularity was then only beginning to show itself. Chekhov at once shrank into himself, and sat all the time with his eyes cast down, coldly, without saying a single word, and only from the quick reproachful look which he cast at my friend, who had introduced the general, did he show what pain he caused.

Just as shyly and coldly he regarded the praises that were lavished on him. At such times he would retire into his niche, on the divan, his eyelids would tremble, slowly fall and would not be raised again, and his face would become motionless and gloomy. Sometimes, when immoderate raptures came from some one he knew, he would try to turn the conversation into a joke, and give it a different direction. Thus he would suddenly say, without rhyme or reason, with a light little laugh: "I like reading what the Odessa reporters write about me."

"What is that?"

"It is very funny—all lies. Last spring one of them appeared in my hotel. He asked for an interview. I had no time for it. So I said: 'Excuse me but I am busy now. But write whatever you like; it is of no consequence to me.' Well, he did write. It drove me into a fever."

On one occasion he said with a most serious face: "You know, in Yalta every cabman knows me. They say: 'O, Chekhov, that man, the reader? I know him.' For some reason they call me reader. Perhaps they think that I read psalm-services for the dead? You, old fellow, ought to ask a cabman what my occupation is."

ALEXANDER KUPRIN.

(To be continued.)

## THE ART OF CINEPLASTICS.

### I

I AM regarded, in my own circle, as one who hates the theatre. On this point, I am even accused of bearing the stigmata of religion, of expressing some obscure atavistic protest as of one whose ancestors have always gone to the confessional and who therefore is opposed to the exaggerated modern taste for a spectacle that is said to be immoral. Perhaps there is something in this. When I question myself, however, I am unable to see, in this aspect of my "hatred" for the theatre, any other than a remote point of departure. All our opinions originate in feelings which we generally get from our immediate education or from a reaction against it—and beyond which we do not go if we have not learned to think. The urge towards thought leads us, however, sooner or later, either radically to modify our first feeling or else—and more frequently it seems to me—to seek and find, by analysis, the justification

of the feeling. It is a means of keeping intact that inner pride which constitutes our spiritual skeleton and defines our personality.

It is thus that I have been able to arrive at an explanation—acceptable to myself—of my "hatred" of the theatre. It is true that I do not care for the theatre so much that I never miss a new play, or return to one seven times over. I like it, if I may say so, in the same way that I like painting, in a way of my own, which puts me under no obligation to visit every exhibition, or to swallow all the dust and stupidities one gets there from four to six in the afternoon. That may mean, perhaps it ought to mean, that I do not care for pictures. Yet I like Veronese, Rembrandt, Goya, Cézanne, and some others; and if I carry my contempt for literature to such a point that it never occurs to me to subscribe to one of those libraries that provide you, perhaps, with all the novels of the week, I like Montaigne, Pascal, Baudelaire, Stendhal. Thus, having admitted that I really have a "hatred" of the theatre, I will confess that I love Racine, Molière and Shakespeare, and that it seems to me that the Greek tragedians realized, in their day, something very great indeed.

The love of the theatre for the sake of the theatre has led our generation to a curious intellectual and sentimental deformation. It draws from the theatre a sort of factitious excitement, quite analogous to that which is obtained through morphine, alcohol or tobacco—an imperious, irresistible, almost painful need to return at short intervals and acclaim as a masterpiece the drug that is served there; for the stimulation it gives its devotees really provides them with the courage to wait two, three or six days before asking from a similar drug, taken in always stronger doses, a new and always more necessary stimulation. It seems certain to me that the morbid unanimity with which people love the theatre indicates both the decomposition of society and the decomposition of the theatre. In saying this let it be remembered that I am making a statement; not indulging in recriminations. All the arts die from the generalizing of the taste that leads to them—from the generalizing of the talents which permit them to maintain that taste, refine it, and at last render it banal; thus painting and the novel in other periods, and doubtless again to-morrow; the theatre to-day. The fact that there exist thirty or forty dramatic authors enjoying a world-wide reputation, a literary glory meriting all the official honours, is typical, as is the fact that the actor has assumed, in our day, the fabulous importance, comic or terrible, as the case may be, which we know.

Rousseau, who was a very great artist, but who always used to choose moral pretexts for the rebuilding of his faith, was only too right, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when he considered the theatre as an organ of moral dissolution. Would he not perceive in our day, when the theatre has grown a hundredfold in importance without any increase in theatrical genius—although theatrical talents have multiplied sickeningly—would he not perceive that the social dissolution indicated by the theatre of to-day is taking on a character twice as general, twice as important and, I would add, twice as consoling as regards the immediate morrow, as the one with which he reproached the theatre of all time? Every great collective—or if it be preferred, social—spectacle, preserved in the unity and majesty of its power—the Greek drama, for example—imprints on an entire people an æsthetic discipline which, in the time of Rousseau, thanks to the classic



age before him, still retained some vigour, a vigour that Voltaire destroyed. The nineteenth century, with its immense productivity, killed the theatre and showed itself, appearances notwithstanding, equally ill-adapted for the collective or social art *par excellence*, namely: architecture. Let anyone name for me, in France, one play—literally *one* play—which, since the death of Racine, may be considered a masterpiece of the theatre—something, that is, possessing a collective dramatic architecture such as will raise an entire crowd to the height of a unanimous, firmly constructed, stylized conception of fate and the world. "Turcaret" is nothing more than a painting of character which might have been undertaken with equal success in a novel. The plays of Beaumarchais or Mirbeau belong to political satire or even polemics.

## II

So it is; in the end my "hatred" of the theatre leads me to a statement that could hardly have been expected of me. I consider it, in its essence, as one of the highest of the arts, if not the highest of all. It has, in this essence, the great character of great art, a sort of impersonality, the fierce nakedness of a construction made to be seen by all, and by all at the same time, and wherein all may find, summed up, abridged by its passage through the spirit, the monumental import which they recognize, or which their fathers recognized, in their religion, for example; something that defines them to themselves, that is like a majestic bridge springing at one end from their feelings, their passions, their education and their customs, and at the other from their need for eternity and the absolute they wish to attain in it. The comic, the tragic—it matters not at all. Æschylus, Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Molière are brothers. At the base of all their arts, an immense pessimistic sentiment regarding the world manifests itself by a victorious returning upon itself of the will—in a triumphant laugh or a proud fronting of the cruelty of the gods.

As far back as we look, among all the peoples of the earth, and at all times, a collective spectacle has alone been able to unite all classes, all ages and, as a rule, the two sexes, in a unanimous communion exalting the rhythmic power that defines, in each one of them, the moral order. Whatever the collective spectacle may be, although it does not necessarily have the same character at all times (in fact it rarely has quite the same character), it possesses one consistent property everywhere: every one assists at it, side by side, in a given spot, in a building or in the open air, covered or open to the sky, in circles or semi-circles raised one above another so that all may see from their places, whatever their social rank or their fortune may be.

Here already is a point where the theatre of to-day seems to me to have degenerated. The spectacle has almost always and almost everywhere assumed a plastic character, even among the Jews, the least plastic people on earth, who had their religious dances and whose most thrilling memory is that of their first king dancing before their first mystic symbol. Perhaps an exception is to be made in the case of the Germans, with whom symphonic music replaces by an audition in common, the seeing in common that is necessary to all groups of men. We find the dance among all the peoples of the Orient, the Mesopotamians, the Egyptians and the Arabs, among whom the narrative, amid a circle of auditors, takes on the national and even sacred character of an invincible custom that engenders interminable cycles of legends—always returning, for

the communion of laughter or of tears, to the same circle, where the same story-teller mimics, drones and sings, just as he has been doing for these thousands of years.

Thus we have the games of the stadium, and notably the religious drama of the Hellenes, wherein the music, the dancing and the psychological development of the tragedy of passion finally culminate in certain aggrandized, stylized, unchangeable forms, evolving on the stage and realizing a momentary equilibrium between a sensual orgy and the discipline of the spirit. Thus, among the most positive, the least visionary people on the earth, we have chariot-races, pitched battles, contests in the centre of a stone circus holding eighty thousand spectators. Thus we have the chanted and acted mystery, framed in the ritual gestures of a procession and a mass, in the cathedral of the Christians; the voice of the plain-song, the ribbing of stone and the colour of the stained glass enveloping the actors and the spectators in a common, supernatural atmosphere that gives to the mystic interchange a character of absoluteness. Thus we have the theatrical unity and the regulated ballet of the people of the Renaissance with their classical feeling which, with the analysis of the *philosophes*, and with individualism in acting, degenerates so quickly till it loses all collective significance and the art is drowned in the erotic and bestial frenzy of the plays of the modern drawing-rooms and public dance-halls.

Dramatic style has been lost. The individual flounders about in it alone, which is the very negation of the art which this individual, gifted as he may be, genius that he may be, attempts alone to represent. The drama has become a means of enriching the author, who sets himself the servile task of discovering and flattering the latest sentimental impulses, the latest weekly fashions of a public that is no longer stirred by any great common feeling; it is a means of pushing forward the actor for whom the play is written and who subordinates it, on the one hand, to the manias of his spectators and, on the other, to his own success. Even when he is interesting and personal, the actor effaces his associates; the play exists only to attest in a violent sort of way the mannerisms and stage-tricks, the comic or dramatic qualities that are his specialty, leaving the rest of the company in a sort of dubious shadow and reducing the work itself to the rôle of one of those concertos which dishonour the art of music in order to permit certain ephebes with long, oily hair to execute their acrobatics on the piano or the violin; how cruelly one suffers during their torturing performances, how eagerly one wants to cry out, "Enough!"

Between the actor and the author, between the actor and the public, there are the same charming relationships that bind the successful office-seeker to his party, the elected to the elector. So it is that the theatre and politics constitute very analogous spectacles, frequented by the same enthusiasts as the law-courts. The whole dramatic art has taken refuge in the clown, the sole survivor of the plastic *épopée* of the theatre—isolated thus, and rendered almost terrible because of it; for the clown imagines, composes and acts his part, which is self-sufficing and makes a unity, like a picture, a sonata, a poem, in which no intermediary comes between the public and the art, which imposes on the public its own power of conception and its own faculty for creation.

ELIE FAURE.

(To be continued.)



## THE MYTH OF A GUILTY NATION: IV.

IF the popular theory of German responsibility were correct, it would be impossible to explain the German Government's choice of the year 1914 as a time to strike at "an unsuspecting and defenceless Europe." The figures quoted in the second paper of this series show that the military strength of Germany, relatively to that of the French-Russian-English combination, had been decreasing since 1910. If Germany had wished to strike at Europe, she had two first-rate chances, one in 1908 and another in 1912, and not only let them both go by, but threw all her weight on the side of peace. This is inexplicable upon the theory that animates the treaty of Versailles. Germany was then in a position of advantage. The occasion presented itself in Serbia's quarrel with Austria over the annexation of Bosnia. Russia, which was backing Serbia, was in no shape to fight; her military strength, used up in the Russo-Japanese war, had not recovered. France would not at this time have been willing to go to war with Germany over her weak ally's commitments in the Danube States. Germany, however, contented herself with serving notice on the Tsar of her unequivocal support of Austria; and this was enough. The Tsar accepted the *fait accompli* of the annexation of Bosnia; Serbia retired and cooled off; and Turkey, from whom the annexed province was ravished, was compensated by Austria. It is not to the point to scrutinize the propriety of these transactions; the point is that Germany held the peace of Europe in the hollow of her hand, with immense advantages in her favour, and chose not to close her hand. The comment of a neutral diplomat, the Belgian Minister in Berlin, is interesting. In his report of 1 April, 1909, to the Belgian Foreign Office, he says:

The conference scheme elaborated by M. Isvolsky and Sir Edward Grey; the negotiations for collective representations in Vienna; and the whole exchange of ideas among London, Paris and Petersburg, were steadily aimed at forcing Austria-Hungary into a transaction which would strongly have resembled a humiliation. This humiliation would have affected Germany as directly and as sensibly as Austria-Hungary, and would have struck a heavy blow at the confidence which is inspired in Vienna by the alliance with Germany. These machinations were frustrated by Germany's absolutely unequivocal and decided attitude, from which she has never departed in spite of all the urgings with which she has been harassed. Germany alone has accomplished the preservation of peace. The new grouping of the Powers, organized by the King of England, has measured its forces with the alliance of the Central European Powers, and has shown itself incapable of impairing the same. Hence the vexation which is manifested.

The last two sentences of the foregoing seem to show—putting it mildly—that the Belgian Minister did not suspect the German Government of any aggressive spirit. In the same dispatch, moreover, he remarks:

As always, when everything does not go as the French, English or Russian politicians want it to, the *Temps* shows its bad temper. Germany is the scapegoat.

Again, at the time of the Balkan War in 1912, Germany had an excellent opportunity to gratify her military ambition, if she had any, at the expense of an "unsuspecting and unprepared Europe"; not as advantageous as in 1908 but more advantageous than in 1914. Serbia's provocations against Austria-Hungary had become so great that the Austrian Archduke (assassinated in 1914 at Sarajevo) told the German Emperor personally that they had reached the limit of endurance. On this occasion also, however, William II put himself definitely on the side of peace, and in so doing left the Austrian Government somewhat disappointed and dis-

contented. Another neutral diplomat reports of the German Foreign Minister that

whatever plans he may have in his head (and he has big ideas), for winning the sympathies of the young Balkan Powers over to Germany, one thing is absolutely certain, and that is that he is rigidly determined to avoid a European conflagration. On this point the policy of Germany is similar to that of England and France, both of which countries are determinedly pacifist.

This is a fair statement of the English and French position in 1912. There was a great revulsion of feeling in England after her close shave of being dragged into war over Morocco, and her sentiment was all for attending to certain pressing domestic problems. Besides, it was only in November, 1911, and only through the indiscretion of a French newspaper, that the British public (and the British Parliament as well) had learned that the Anglo-French agreement of 1904 had secret articles attached to it, out of which had emanated the imbroglio over Morocco; and there was a considerable feeling of distrust towards the Foreign Office. In fact, Sir E. Grey, the Foreign Minister, was so unpopular with his own party that quite probably he would have had to get out of office if he had not been sustained by Tory influence. Mr. W. T. Stead expressed a quite general sentiment in the *Review of Reviews* for December, 1911:

The fact remains that in order to put France in possession of Morocco, we all but went to war with Germany. We have escaped war, but we have not escaped the national and abiding enmity of the German people. Is it possible to frame a heavier indictment of the foreign policy of any British Ministry? The secret, the open secret, of this almost incredible crime against treaty-faith, British interests and the peace of the world, is the unfortunate fact that Sir Edward Grey has been dominated by men in the Foreign Office who believe all considerations must be subordinated to the one supreme duty of thwarting Germany at every turn, even if in doing so British interests, treaty-faith and the peace of the world are trampled underfoot. I speak that of which I know.

This was strong language and it went without challenge, for too many Englishmen felt that way. In France, the Poincaré-Millerand-Delcassé combination was getting well into the saddle; but with English public opinion in this notably undependable condition, English support of France, in spite of the secret agreement binding the two Governments, was decidedly risky. Thereupon France also was "determinedly pacifist." Now if Germany had been the prime mover in "the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations," why did she not take advantage of that situation?

Russia, too, was "determinedly pacifist" in 1912, and with good reason. There was a party of considerable influence in the Tsar's court that was strongly for going to war in behalf of Serbia, but it was finally headed off by the Foreign Minister, Sazonov, who knew the state of public opinion in England and its effect on France, and knew therefore that the French-Russian-English alliance was not yet in shape to take on large orders. It is true that the Poincaré-Millerand-Delcassé war-party in France had proof enough in 1912 that it could count on the British Government's support; and what France knew, Russia knew. Undoubtedly, too, the British Government would somehow, under some pretext or other, possibly Belgian neutrality, have contrived to redeem its obligations as it did in 1914. But the atmosphere of the country was not favourable and the thing would have been difficult. Accordingly, Sazonov saw that it was best for him to restrain Serbia's impetuosity and truculence for the time being—Russia herself being none too ready—and accordingly he did so.



But how? The Serbian Minister at Petersburg says that Sazonov told him that in view of Serbia's successes "he had confidence in our strength and believed that we would be able to deliver a blow at Austria. For that reason we should feel satisfied with what we were to receive, and consider it merely as a temporary halting-place on the road to further gains." On another occasion "Sazonov told me that we must work for the future because we would acquire a great deal of territory from Austria." The Serbian Minister at Bucharest says that his Russian and French colleagues counselled a policy of waiting "with as great a degree of preparedness as possible the important events which must make their appearance among the Great Powers." How, one may ask, was the Russian Foreign Office able to look so far and so clearly into the future? If the German responsibility for the war is fundamental, a *chose jugée*, as Mr. Lloyd George said it is, this seems a strange way for the Russian Foreign Minister to be talking, as far back as 1912. But stranger still is the fact that the German Government did not jump in at this juncture instead of postponing its blow until 1914 when every one was apparently quite ready to receive it. When the historian of the future considers the theory of the Versailles treaty and considers the behaviour of the German Government in the crisis of 1908 and in the crisis of 1912, he will have to scratch his head a great deal to make them harmonize.

By the spring of 1913, the diplomatic representatives of the allied Danube States made no secret of the relations in which their Governments stood to the Tsar's Foreign Office. The Balkan League was put through by Russian influence and Russia controlled its diplomacy. Serbia was as completely the instrument of Russia as Poland is now the instrument of France. "If the Austrian troops invade Balkan territory," wrote Baron Beyens on 4 April, 1913, it would give cause for Russia to intervene, and might let loose a universal war." Now, if Germany had been plotting "with ruthless, cynical determination," as Mr. Lloyd George said, against the peace of Europe, what inconceivable stupidity for her not to push Austria along rather than do everything possible to hold her back! Why give Russia the benefit of eighteen months of valuable time for the feverish campaign of "preparedness" that she carried on? Those eighteen months meant a great deal. In February, 1914, the Tsar arranged to provide the Serbian army with rifles and artillery, Serbia agreeing to put half a million soldiers in the field. In the same month Russia negotiated a French loan of about \$100 million for improvements on her strategic railways and frontier-roads. During the spring, she made "test" mobilizations of large bodies of troops which were never demobilized, and these "test" mobilizations continued down to the outbreak of the war. In April, Russian agents made technical arrangements with agents of the British and French Admiralties for possible combined naval action, and in May, the Russian Admiralty instructed its agent in London that

our interests on the northern scene of operations require that England keeps as large a part of the German fleet as possible in check on the North Sea. . . . The English Government would render us a substantial service if it would agree to send a sufficient number of boats to our Baltic posts to compensate for our lack of means of transport, before the beginning of war-operations.

The English Government kindly obliged, and before the beginning of war-operations, before even any declaration of war, there the British transports were, empty and waiting, in the Baltic ports.

Yes, those eighteen months were very busy months for Russia. True, she came out at the end of them an "unprepared and unsuspecting" nation, presumably, for was not all Europe unprepared and unsuspecting? Is it not so nominated in the Versailles treaty? One can not help wondering, however, how it is that Germany, "carefully, skilfully, insidiously, clandestinely planning in every detail" a murderous attack on the peace of Europe, should have given Russia the advantage of those eighteen months.

HISTORICUS.

## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

### VIII: THE SECRET OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

WHAT was the real motive of Judas Iscariot? A bewildered Church divines some mystery here, and all down the Christian centuries, accordingly, there are efforts to get to the heart of it. The soul of Judas lies in the depths of an abyss; if we grope in darkness on the edge of it, that is only because the theologian stands there gibbering about a Judas who wanted to force the hand of Jesus. If the founder of Christianity were placed under arrest, so argue the theologians, he could have no alternative but to display his Messianic power in all its plenitude, to reveal himself in his true colours, to "make good." These and other considerations akin to these overlook the point that Judas Iscariot was no bewhiskered doctor in the Geneva of John Calvin. Judas Iscariot knew that Jesus had searched his very soul. Judas Iscariot did not turn traitor in order to strike a blow at Jesus.

Judas Iscariot was a young man. A young man! What a flood of light that detail will shed upon everybody groping in the theologian's night, upon all those figures blinking in the eternal glory shed around them by the career of Jesus. He was still a young man when he rose from the dead, and Peter, too, was a young man, and Andrew, James and John were young men. Theirs is the overwhelming and undimmed youth of those warriors who fight out their long feud in the Iliad. But there is not one figure in Homer that can sustain a comparison with Peter and all the goddesses on Olympus taken together are obliterated in the brightness of those Marys of the Gospels. The trait they manifest in common is youth, precisely as the grand trait manifested in common by the theologians—the sure sign of the breed—is age, weary, oblivious, uncomprehending. Even when the theologian is a stripling in years he has the patriarchal temperament. Thus they misconstrue the eager, human, romantic motive of Judas Iscariot because they miss the humour, the melodrama, the wit and the satire of the gospels. So we have them mumbling toothlessly about Messianic power although the last thing Judas Iscariot wanted from Jesus was a display of that Messianic power. The traitor had seen enough of that power before he drove his bargain with the chief priests.

Being young, then, and all too human, Judas Iscariot fell in love. That cat gets out of the bag even in John. Judas Iscariot kept his secret well enough from impulsive Peter, from keen Andrew, from the Apostles generally. It was the Master who from the beginning read Judas Iscariot like a book. Judas, as we are reminded again and again in the gospels, betrayed his Master, but before he betrayed his Master he had, despite his dissembling, betrayed himself to the most discerning of all eyes.

He committed his grand indiscretion at the feast served by that Martha whose brother Lazarus had been raised from the dead. Those eager comings and goings at the house of Simon the leper, that thrilling talk, the suppers, the opulent hospitality, the voices of men and women—what would not Boccaccio have divined from all that, what must not his eye have seen? The setting provided for Mary here is that of Juliet in her bower, and Mary anticipates Juliet in that self-abandonment to love which reveals them in one sisterhood. The love that Mary felt was not the love for which Juliet died, only because the ideal of Jesus was worlds above the soul of Romeo.



Mary in some moods has almost the wildness of Juliet, but she is spiritualized by a passion which in the Italian maid is all of this world only. Juliet knew the love of which the end is death in a tomb from which there can be no resurrection. The love that Mary knew led her to eternal life. In all else, these women are the same—bold in spirit, vehement in manner, intoxicated by feeling. The house of Capulet at Verona and the house of Simon at Bethany provide settings for a scene in which the heroine stands already in the shadow of an impending tragedy of love defeated.

Martha, as usual, served when Jesus sat at supper in the leper's house with Judas Iscariot and the disciples. Lazarus, newly won from the grave, was there, an object of curiosity to thronging Jews outside. There was a crush at this feast, apparently, and one may infer that Simon was now healed. Mary and Martha had but to step over from their own home in Bethany, perhaps. The presence of that mob cast no shadow. The gloom was upon the countenance of Judas only. Mary displayed a characteristic tardiness. She did not come into the room until the feast was nearly at its height. An alabaster box was in her hand. That wonderful hair of hers flowed and billowed. She was strangely silent. Before they had recovered from the surprise of her appearance, Mary had anointed the feet of Jesus with the ointment of spikenard. The house was filled with the perfume. Then she wiped the Master's feet with her hair.

Judas, with the immediate retinue of Jesus, was apparently, at the foot of the table, watching with heavy eye the anointing of those feet with that precious balm. His mood was black enough for he had turned thief already. To him was entrusted the bag in which were put the moneys gathered from the healed and the redeemed, and into this bag he had dipped with the finger of felony. He could now restrain himself no longer.

"Why," he asked, letting his words fall into the ear of his neighbour at the feast, "why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?"

The query, insinuated subtly, was taken up by the disciples who sat near. There was a murmur around that part of the table which was remotest from Mary and Jesus. The treason of Judas had begun. Little he cared for the poor. His objection on the score of expense can have been no more than an effort to cover his confusion when he divined that his face had betrayed him—that face into which Mary looked with all the intuition of her womanhood and her love. She must have withdrawn her eyes from the face of the Iscariot with a shudder. They understood one another so well—Mary, the sister of Martha, and Judas Iscariot. He was wearing his heart upon his sleeve for all but the theologian to see when he put that fatal question.

There is no occasion for wonder at so inevitable a passion in the heart of the man. The marvel is that he hid it so long. No faint ray of the true state of affairs shed any beam into the consciousness of the other Apostles there. They all took up the question with the good faith of men who remembered the poor. The rising murmur of their debate—Judas Iscariot, having shot his bolt, subsided—reached the ear of Jesus at last. Perhaps he caught a look in the traitor's eye, a look intended for the woman with the ointment, the woman out of the traitor's reach, the woman who had rejected his love and whom he now hated so fiercely only because he had loved her so passionately. The words of Judas at that fatal supper have come down to us in the form of a question but they were a threat of vengeance. The traitor would strike at Jesus because his blow must pierce the heart of Mary. That is what John had in mind when he wrote that the devil had a hand in all this.

This introduction of Satan as a factor justifies no inference that Judas Iscariot approached Mary of Bethany in the spirit of that Angelo who avowed so remorselessly a passion for Isabella. Judas Iscariot stands so curiously apart from the rest of the Apostles—he alone of the band was not a man of Galilee—and his motive in joining them is enveloped in such mystery that it is easy to mistake the

nature of his chagrin when he discovered—doubtless from the lips of the distracting creature herself—that the kingdom of the Master was not to be of this world. It is even possible that he became an Apostle for the chance it might afford of getting closer to Mary.

It is easy to see, again, how Judas must have misunderstood the soul of this Mary from the first. She promised him—with her eyes if not with her lips, let us say—the love she would give to all the world for her Master's sake. She was all passion in Juliet's rushing style, but to Judas she had to reveal the elusiveness of Rosalind. The trait in her that must have lured Judas Iscariot to his destruction would require the use of an old-fashioned word to do it exact justice. Mary had sensibility. She was Christian in swift flashes of purity and innocence, romantic in terms of the next world only, passionate on the spiritual plane. Her virtue glittered in a fashion that would be outrageous nowadays because our Christianity is standardized for us by elderly men who have failed in pulpits, and whose spirituality is conditioned by their lack of the sense of humour. Not that Mary was above trifling unwittingly now and then with the too-masculine moods of Judas. She could plead in her defence that Judas ought not to have believed in the possibility of inspiring an earthly passion in the heart of a woman who had knelt at the feet of Jesus.

Judas arose from that table with his purpose formed, yet only Jesus knew it. The Master had given Mary her consolation. Wherever the gospel should be preached throughout the whole world, men would learn of the anointing of the Master's feet and remember the name of Mary. Judas must have drooped his eyes at the words with which Jesus indicated the true nature of her act: "She is come aforetime to anoint my body to the burying." The words stung in the traitor's ear as he strode from that house on his way to the priests.

Judas Iscariot had made his long fight and he lost it at the table of the leper, for we are not to suppose that he made no struggle against his fatal infatuation. He became a thief through his sheer incapacity to resist it, for he must have spent the booty from the bag in some mad act of generosity to Mary. Perhaps he brought her a bracelet or gave her a gem. That box of alabaster, for example—where did Mary get that? Who paid for the perfume with which the house was filled and which we learn was very costly?

Judas can have been in no mood to drive a hard bargain when he met the priests. Possibly he counted upon a relenting impulse of Mary's at some tremendous farewell scene between them before the night on which Jesus washed the feet of the twelve. Judas Iscariot at the feet of Mary of Bethany! Perhaps she fled from his impotent prayers on the eve of the Last Supper. Who shall say that as he led the rabble in the night to the spot where Jesus kept his agonizing vigil, Judas Iscariot may not have peered through the light shed by the flickering torches, hoping to the last that Mary would rush across his path with an entreaty? Men, in their infatuations, are like that.

Thus, for the equivalent of less than twenty dollars in American money, Judas Iscariot betrayed his Master with a kiss. From the coldly financial point of view, this transaction was no less insignificant at the time than it is to-day. The triviality of this bribe, in fact, has suggested to a few theologians that the Sanhedrin felt quite certain of bringing Jesus to book whether Judas turned traitor or not. Judas was certainly in no pressing need of funds just then, either. He kept the thirty pieces of silver by him for several days and then he took the money back to the chief of the priests. "I have sinned," he told them, "in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." He cast down the coins in the temple and went and hanged himself. His last thoughts, be it said with deference for the deans and deacons, were not of anyone's Messianic power but of an alabaster box, of a pound of ointment of spikenard, of a house filled with the scent of perfume, and of a woman's long hair.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.



## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### SOWING THE WIND IN ITALY.

SIRS: There is something pathetic about the earnestness with which every Italian I have met assures me that Italy is safe and sane again. The day I arrived in Rome, a great financier said to me over and over like a parrot: "The situation in Italy is very much improved"; and since then I have heard the same refrain everywhere. I asked the financier how he figured it out.

"Well," he said, "for one thing, the lira is stable."

"Stability of the lira at nineteen or twenty to the dollar is not prosperity, it is ruin. You can do no export-business at that price," I replied.

"You make a mistake there," he answered. "Very recently we have entered into favourable trade-relations with Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland which augurs well for future trade. It is not, of course, ideal, but it is something."

"What it amounts to," I objected, "is that you are trading with the countries whose money is worth less than yours. How can that help you? It is like a poker game at three o'clock in the morning, when the winners have all gone home. You are playing for I O Us."

"But it keeps our factories going," said the financier with obstinate cheerfulness, "it keeps our men at work, our ships sailing with cargoes, our commercial houses busy. It is not stagnation. A year ago, Italian industry faced not only business stagnation but industrial revolution as a result. Financially we were worse off last October than at any time during the war. We have had a terrible time getting raw material and coal for our factories, and the labour situation has been most difficult. Both last year and the year before our crops were way below the average. All of this has made it very hard for Italy to get on her feet again. But we are doing it. Last year we had a budget-deficit of fourteen billion lire; this year it is only four billion. Of course it oughtn't to be anything—but at least we have saved ten billion in one year, which shows that we are on the right track."

Of course all that is quite true. One sees signs of it everywhere. With a sincerity that no other people in Europe has displayed, the Italians have turned their backs on the war, and decided to write it down to profit and loss and gone about the business of regeneration in a truly admirable way. They have not been handicapped, as the French have been, by the hope of having the whole cost of the war paid by the defeated enemy. But Italy's troubles are not over, there is still a serpent in the Italian Eden, and as we in the United States have known something of this same serpent—and may know yet more of it—it may be as well for us to keep a weather eye on the reptile, as he may be observed in another land.

It is not reaction alone that is the serpent in Italy's case, or perhaps in our own. Since the war, reaction is in the saddle everywhere. In a very large measure, it was the liberals who made the war, and who kept it going—the Asquiths, Lloyd Georges, Vivianis, Briands, Kerenskys and Venizelos, and the Wilsons. The war, perhaps still more the peace, revealed these liberals as reactionaries of the reactionaries, employers of censorship and secret police, adepts in the diplomacy of secret treaties and intrigue. The popular reaction against this sort of thing has been, illogically but naturally, to the opposite extreme which in any other circumstances would be conservatism.

In Italy, it was the other way around. The liberal Giovanni Giolitti was opposed to the war; it was the reactionary Salandra who made it. Following the peace of Versailles, there was in Italy as everywhere a pronounced disgust with the war and what it had accomplished—or had failed to accomplish. The result in Italy as elsewhere was a reaction to the opposite extreme, but in Italy's case the opposite extreme was liberalism. Therefore, there appeared upon the European sky the black cloud of Italy's social and political unrest.

But the causes of Italy's unsatisfactory situation after the war were more concrete than mere liberalism or conservatism in politics. The whole economic fabric of the world had been badly torn and could not be mended by a few election-promises, as even President Harding is beginning to learn. Prices remained high. Taxes grew to be suffocating. Trade was at a standstill. Labour gained great theoretical advantages which were valueless so long as there were not enough jobs to keep men employed.

The effect of this was more far-reaching than at first appears. For Italy alone had run the gamut of the emotions. The final disillusionment will come to us and to Britain and France, later. It has already come to Italy to have tried conservatism, which made the war, and then liberalism, which so far has failed to cure all the evils of the war overnight; and now the Italians are face to face with the realization that the political machinery of so-called democratic government is inadequate to cope with a problem so big and so world-wide as the economic breakdown which has followed the war.

In this very real dilemma which the Italians are the first to confront there were, naturally, two possible roads to follow. The example of Russia furnished one very definite alternative—communism. There was also the opposite extreme, to which an increasingly militaristic France might be said to point the way, but which would have to be worked out on lines more drastically extra-legal if it were not to be a mere return to conservatism already tried and found wanting.

Italy tried the first alternative in the months from February to May, 1920, when in the industrial centres of the North, the workers, with the tacit countenance of the Nitti Government, took possession of many of the largest industrial plants in Italy and actually effected a revolution which required only the backing of the rest of the country to be a solid achievement. Whether it was, as Camillo Corradini, under-Secretary of State, declares, because Southern Italy is too conservative and too little industrial to accept a purely industrial revolution; or whether, as the communists maintain, that the more conservative of the Socialists betrayed the movement, is immaterial. The sortie through the gate of communism not only failed, but the attempt to make it resulted in weakening the strength of the Socialist party by separating a large part of the communist group into a distinct political entity. If the people of Italy in general had been hesitant to espouse even a bloodless revolution at a time when the workers were in control of the metal factories of Milan and Turin a year ago, they were not likely to do so last September, when the workers themselves, by a vote of six to four had chosen to employ the same political methods that had failed so often before.

The solution of Italy's problem attempted by the labour element had another distinct drawback. Certain advantages were gained for labour, but no relief was secured for the clerk, the commercial employee, the functionary. Taxes were still as high, salaries as low and the cost of living as exorbitant as they were before labour took the field. The moment was therefore ripe for a reaction of a wholly different character against the due processes of law and politics in Italy. This reaction took the form of "Fascismo."

All over Italy there were thousands of young men who had been officers during the war—men of consequence in smart uniforms, with men under them who obeyed promptly, and so gave a fictitious air of importance to the commands of these youngsters. With peace, these gallants were called upon to return to their towns and villages and resume a life of sterile pen-pushing, on a stipend that would no longer permit silk shirts, monocles and frequent rounds of drinks in the local café of fashion. It was a return to obscurity which these young men whose egotism had been played upon to make them ready to sacrifice their lives were reluctant to face. The failure of the communistic adventure of the labour element gave these ex-officers an opportunity to prolong their self-importance a little, and, the socialists assert, industrial



magnates furnished them the means of a new strutting on the stage of patriotic activity.

From the beginning, therefore, *Fascismo* lacked no recruits. For popular appeal, "down with strikes," "down with profiteers" and "to hell with all traitors" sounded well enough to attract a crowd. "We have public opinion with us and we are convinced in our own hearts that we shall yield nothing that may not be honestly conceded," reads one of the *Fascisti* manifestos that plaster the walls all over Italy these days—at whose expense, I wonder?

From a political standpoint, it behooved the new movement to be a little more explicit as the elections approached. Benito Mussolini, the head of the *Fascisti*, rose to the occasion:

"During the present elections and by our continuous, unceasing lawful activity—and also extra-legal occurrences—we must employ all our forces to create a new governing political class (*una nuova classe politica dirigente dell'Italia*)." Thus the intent "to break the closed circle of Italian political life" for the benefit of a younger generation of politicians was quite frankly expressed. There was no mention whatever of the Italian masses. On no more altruistic programme than this, in the elections of 15 May, the *Fascisti* seated fifteen deputies—as many as the Communists; and by 20 June, when the newly-elected deputies were forced to declare their party allegiance, the *Fascisti* had grown to thirty-five.

Possibly something of this result may have been due to the paper war the *Fascisti* opened on the high cost of living immediately preceding the meeting of Parliament. When I arrived in Naples, I found posters on all the walls warning "all café and restaurant proprietors and dealers in foodstuffs, and all merchants and wholesalers of articles of any kind" to announce before a fixed date the reductions they proposed to make in their prices. Somewhat vague threats accompanied this warning, which appeared to be one in a series of similar warnings of which the previous ones had evidently been fruitless. There was much visiting of shops by bands of youthful *Fascisti* armed with canes, much noting of prices asked, but so far as Naples was concerned, the sole action taken appears to have consisted in the wrecking of an obscure drinking shop where the prices of liquor seemed particularly to have aroused the ire of the youthful patriots.

It is not in the unauthorized employment of force by a lot of college students and ex-army officers, to accomplish good or bad results, that the future of Italy—and very probably of the rest of the world—is involved. There is something else in *Fascismo*.

The communistic *coup d'état* in Italy failed because it was too narrow. It did not appeal to enough people, and, above all, it did not appeal to the whole of Italy. Every Communist deputy elected in May came from Italy north of Rome. Moreover, communism in Italy appeals to a very limited class and, unlike Russia, in Italy the remaining population is neither acquiescent nor indifferent.

On the other hand, *Fascismo* (itself a passing phase of no consequence) is important because it reveals two things: a vast and general dissatisfaction with existing political methods, and a class, whether they be d'Annunzio's *arditti*, college boys, ex-officers or the scions of a numerous nobility, which has nothing to lose and a great deal to gain by the spirit of combat, of fighting.

The Italians are profoundly dissatisfied with the results of the war. They feel that they were betrayed at Versailles and St. Germain. They are bitter against their former allies, who exploited them mercilessly during the war and are now isolating them commercially and financially. The rapidity with which they have run the gamut of political reaction and counter-reaction since the armistice further tends to separate Italy from France and Britain and the United States. Everybody in Italy recognizes this fact.

In such a situation, then, you have an organized fighting band (as their name implies) of young men who have found war not only more agreeable but more profitable than they find peace. The cynical denial at Versailles of what Italy had been promised for her war-aid is the

tinder. The commercial and financial exploitation of Italy by her late allies, and their deliberate isolation of her, is the flint. It is the existence of a growing group of men, in organized contact one with the other, to whom war is one of those adventures by which nothing is lost, that is the steel from which a spark may be struck, any day, any hour, to set fire to all Italy, and perhaps all Europe again. I am, etc.,  
*Rome, Italy.*

PAXTON HIBBEN.

## MISCELLANY.

THE photographs of the golf-championship at Hoylake which were published recently in the newspapers almost make one rub one's eyes and wonder whether the clock has been set back and these last six or seven years of war and "peace" have after all been nothing but a nightmare. It hardly seemed possible, somehow, that the pre-war world of sport, wherein it was something to worry about if one was off one's mashie, could come back to life again so soon. It has really been going on more or less all the time I suppose, only the great catastrophe threw it out of focus for most of us, with the result that these latest pictures have something of an odd, unreal look, rather as if they were old photos that were being reprinted.

How vividly these pictures of the battle of the champions at Hoylake recall one's memories of some of the British golf-courses I have met. In Scotland, of course, St. Andrews stands first; though in my view St. Andrews is interesting rather for the fine form one sees there, than for the good sport it provides. Even in the days when old Tom Morris was still about (more often pottering around the home green with a stick than in his little shop on The Scores, hard by that of the brothers Auchterlonie) the old course was a mass of divots, despite the stringent rules for their replacement and the regular reversal of the course. It always struck me as being poor sort of fun having to book your game beforehand, and then be on the spot to the minute to answer to the starter's whistle or forfeit your chance of a round. Even when you were off and away, and had left the embarrassing crowd well behind you, you were possessed, if you were unaccustomed to this method of playing golf by clock-work, by a harassing sense of the necessity of keeping your place, and by a depressing fear of being hung up at the short holes, owing to the congestion. For a really decent game under comfortable circumstances, there was nothing for it but to trudge off to the new course and brave what, in those days of non-rubber balls, was its terrific length and roughness. At Luffness, within easy reach of North Berwick, there were fine sea-links that were little known in my time. Here you had the long course practically to yourself and could loaf as much as you liked. The rabbits there were pleasant company, I remember. You would see them in groups, sitting up and staring solemnly at you for an instant before scurrying down their holes in the sand—which were also the homes of many of your lost balls. At Gullane, a neighbouring course, was held the first women's open championship ever played in Scotland. The sober Scots lassies were inclined to be a little shocked at the contingent of English women, who turned up in red coats and had a rather rowdy air of swagger about them. When it came to the game, three conspicuously quiet Scots sisters, I remember, filled in the finals, the remaining prize winner being a demure little Welshwoman.

GOLF has developed very differently in England and Scotland. The Scots play "the royal and ancient game" from their cradles. Scots links are free and it is as natural as eating and drinking for a Scotsman to pick up his clubs once the day's job is done and start off for the first tee to get in a round before the light fails. The game reached England late, but when it arrived, it was trigged out handsomely. English players, both men and women, took to wearing red coats with facings of their



club's colours and initialled brass buttons like those which lent such an air of distinction to the evening-dress clothes of the members of the Pickwick Club. Inter-club matches soon became popular in England, but the Scots cared little for such competitions for with them the game was too deep rooted to need any stimulus. All the same, England is rich in courses that it is good to remember.

THERE is, for instance, the broad, sweeping expanse of the links at Westward Ho!, fringed round by the sea and stretching away flat from the foot of the hills as if the ground had been specially reclaimed for the purpose. It is an exhilarating course if you happen to be a long driver, full of tremendous carries, over widespread natural sand-bunkers and across big tracts of rushes. Up on the hill, there were, I remember, a few buildings left of the old school immortalised in "Stalkey & Co." Not far away lay the little market-town of Bideford, with many fascinating old furniture-shops to poke about in on off days. In the opposite direction lay Clovelly, with a half-way house where one might drink a delicious bowl of curds and Devonshire cream. When I was there, it used to rain a little every day of course, but no more than served to freshen things up and keep the flowering fuchsia-hedges fresh and beautiful. Those Devonshire sunsets, splashing down the sea, across the deserted sands, and lingering in the pools left by the high tides, I shall never forget. Every evening, their day's work done, the caddies, lithe, barefoot boys, in blue jerseys and long sea-faring trousers, would saunter across and bathe in these pools. Early one Sunday morning, during my last visit to the place, a detachment of cavalry turned up from somewhere, and the horses splashing in and out of the sea or swimming along with their naked riders, looked for all the world like so many centaurs or some creation of Böcklin's.

MORE varied, in a sporting way, is the famous course at Sandwich; and good sea-links are legion all along the English South Coast. Of inland courses, it would be hard to find anything to beat Ashdown Forest, either for beauty of scenery or variety of sport. Heather gives such sweet lies as are never known on ordinary turf-courses, and the grass grows finer and closer, so that the greens are naturally perfect and much of the going is of the same quality, if you can only keep a straight course. What lends attractiveness too, is that so many of the hazards are natural—streams, chalk-pits, gorse-whins, and all sorts of unaccountable gullies and unevennesses of the ground. Of course on these inland links you miss the sea, but at Ashdown Forest at least you have in compensation the rich colours of the heather through its many varieties of bell and ling, the sunny yellow of the gorse and broom, and the woods all about, with the "tolls" of tall pine trees crowning the hilltops, which in former days were signalling stations for highwaymen. Golf is a grand game, and not the least enjoyable part of it is its memories.

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

### A SONG.

(Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky.)

I'm a plain girl, whose hands are stained with earth.  
He is a fisherman—he's gay and keen.  
The far white sail is drowning in the firth.  
Many the seas and rivers he has seen.

The women of the Bosphorus, they say,  
Are good-looking . . . and I—I'm lean and black.  
The white sail drowns far out beyond the bay.  
It may be that he never will come back.

I shall wait on in good and evil weather.  
If vainly, take my wage, go to the sea  
And cast the ring and hope away together.  
And my black braid will serve to strangle me.

I. A. BUNIN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### BACK TO MARK HANNA.

SIRS: I detect in your columns a complete failure to appreciate the consistency of that great party which freed the slave and made our mighty motherland a happy, prosperous and permanent union, in its refusal to collect either principal or interest from our foreign debtors and in the ingenious tariff-provisions now in hand for the prevention of imports.

For you take into no account the part this policy plays in securing for us a favourable balance of trade which is growing more favourable with every passing moment. Through many years we have been sending to Europe much more gold, silver, and goods than we have been receiving, thus providing an enormous fund upon which we might eventually draw. Never, however, did we send so much in so short a time as we did through these recent loans to the Allies, and never have we had in consequence a balance of trade so favourable. How desirable such a balance is, is indicated by the present condition of things in the British Isles, which have had the balance of trade against them so long; and are now not even able to think of paying us the interest on our heavy loans.

Can not you see the statesmanship of our leaders in not extorting such payments? Is it not evident to you that every penny of piling interest or unliquidated principal so paid by our debtors might contribute to an unfavourable balance of trade, and would assuredly by so much deprive us of that agglomerating fund upon which we might draw?

Is it not also true that the Fordney bill will go far towards piling up even greater and more favourable balances of the same kind? Slowly the McKinley ideal of a great tariff-wall with only two doors in it is being realized. Was it not the master mind of McKinley which devised prohibitive tariffs as a means for raising revenue by letting the foreigner pay our taxes? If such a statement sounds confused, be sure there was no confusion in the minds of Mark Hanna and his peers, to whose prosperous reign, as to the norm of normalcy, we ever seek return. Now we are come at last to the unscalable wall with the two doors—the larger door through which American loans and exports pour forth to fructify and arm the world against us, and the smaller door through which our statesmen can point their telescopes to see the mounting pile of our favourable balance of trade—this smaller door possessing such capacities for shrinking as will keep the favourable balance from leaking through and destroying our lives, our liberties, and our sacred honour. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

WALLACE RICE.

### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

SIRS: Advocates of disarmament may find some strong arguments in the damage which the navy is working to the beautiful waters of Narragansett Bay. In former times this great bay was the resort of yachtsmen whose trig craft could be seen every day flecking with white the blue waters. Its shores were, and still are dotted with summer homes, small and great. Its sandy beaches were filled with crowds of bathers enjoying the clear cool water which the ocean tide brings in. In short, it was the summer paradise for many people from far and near.

But alas! during the past few years this has all been changed by the presence of innumerable vessels of the American navy, destroyers, battleships, tenders and supply-ships of various descriptions, which make the bay their permanent harbour for the months of June, July and August. Their smoke fouls and darkens the once pure and invigorating air, and the oil which is spread from these ships destroys all the bathing. In one instance recently it was impossible in a mile and a half of shore-front to find a single foot where one could bathe free from the oil that covers and fouls everything it touches. To all these annoyances is added the terror of the depth-bomb which from time to time explodes in the crowded waters. Fish are killed in great numbers by these explosions, and no one feels free to enjoy as in the past the pleasures of the water for fear of death or injury from these terrible explosives. Of minor and occasional annoyances it is perhaps hardly worth while to make mention, although these add a certain feeling of apprehension to the sense of permanent discomfort of the hapless dwellers along the shores of the bay. On one occasion recently as a small launch was going across the bay, a submarine rose suddenly from the depths at close quarters giving the passengers in the launch a sharp reminder of the unseen dangers around them. At an-



other time, one of the big torpedoes (which are being constantly fired the length of the bay), suddenly took a wrong turn and dived under a pleasure-launch which was lying at its dock and spent itself on a rock near by.

Thus is the summer vacation of thousands of people who come to Narragansett Bay for rest and recreation ruined by what seems to the ordinary man the utterly unnecessary performances by these battleships and their crews.

It will be said, of course, that it is very unpatriotic, very selfish, for a comparatively small number of people to place their welfare and comfort above the needs of the whole nation; above the necessity for maintaining a strong navy. To which, if a mere civilian may answer in his ignorance, the reply might be made that it does not appear to his uninstructed mind at all necessary for the navy authorities to send a great fleet of warships to settle down in one particular bay for three months every summer. There is an abundance of other places where the fleet could go: the coast is full of harbours, where for a few days a few warships would not only work no harm but would probably be welcome visitors, affording the people near by a sight and knowledge of the nation's ships. As it is now all these vessels, big and little, lie in Narragansett Bay, day in, day out, entirely idle, and to the uninitiated apparently without any fixed purpose or occupation, except to exist and belch forth their smoke and oil. Occasionally it would seem that one or two of these ships go a few miles out to sea and there appear to be doing something by way of manoeuvres. A better example of the utter uselessness of a navy in time of peace could scarcely be found, and when one considers the heavy burden of taxation under which the country is groaning, a large part of which goes to pay for such waste as this, one can not but feel that our big navy enthusiasts and armament-advocates are losing sight of the practical side of life. I am, etc.,

CIVES.

In striking confirmation of the justice of our correspondent's complaint comes the news, as we are going to press, of a naval airplane running amuck over the waters of Narragansett Bay and wantonly firing upon a launch containing five persons, severely wounding a girl passenger. We agree with our correspondent that under present conditions Narragansett Bay as a health resort leaves something to be desired.—EDITORS.

#### THE INHERITORS OF THE EARTH.

SIRS: In your issue of 25 May, Dr. David Starr Jordan quotes a member of the "submerged" as to the desirability of "cutting the throats" of the "unfit" in the interest of science and eugenics; I should like to call attention to the fact that this idea has repeatedly been acted upon in the past. The data submitted in Ward's "The Ancient Lowly" show that from the dawn of history this policy was pursued in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The followers of Drimakos, Viriathus, Eunus, Aristonicus, Athenion, and Spartacus, were tortured and crucified. It is estimated that a million slaves (i. e. labourers) were destroyed in these various labour-revolts—and this is probably a conservative estimate. In the wars of Spartacus alone the mortality was one-half that total and it is said that a quarter of a million slaves (labourers) were slain in the final battle. When Rome conquered Sardinia the price of slaves fell so low that "as cheap as a Sardinian" became a byword. With the appearance of Christ, his doctrine that every human being had a soul endowed with latent capacity for moral and spiritual growth became engrafted upon the innumerable labour-unions, religious organizations, and friendly societies existing at that time under various names among the working classes. These different groups were alleged by the "best people" of those days to be dangerous to the State. Hadrian, Lucian, and Celsus, as representatives of the "one hundred per-centers" accused these organizations of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanours. Even St. Chrysostom writes: "*Ecclesia virgo quae prius erat meretrix*," but he also testifies that the people and societies were "cleaned up" by Christianity. Decidedly, from the standpoint of his bad associates, and on account of his hostility to existing government, Jesus Christ deserved to be silenced. Naturally, the ruling classes decided to destroy those slaves (labourers) who claimed to possess souls, and who were so rapidly joining the new religion, which had of course been declared illegal; and they nearly succeeded.

We read that 1,100,000 Jews perished at Jerusalem, and Richard Hakluyt writes in his preface to his "Voyages": "I read in Joseph Bengorian, a very authentically Hebrew author, a testimonie of the passing of 20,000 British valiant souldiours to the siege and fearefull sacking of Jerusalem under the conduct of Vespasian and Titus the Romaine Emperour." About the same time Rome was burned by Nero and the slaves (labourers) massacred; those who escaped were driven under-

ground or abroad. After Nero came Diocletian who nearly wiped out Christianity and civilization.

Many of the arts and mechanical devices of that time we know of only by reference. The secrets of dyes, inks, and the wonderful patterns in colours found in Damascus blades all perished. Ward gives us many archaeological proofs of the wide dispersion of those undesirable citizens who were so greatly despised and rejected by their government and fellow citizens. In the writings of Richard Hakluyt we are told how far afield some of these early Christians were driven.

"He (King Arthur) therefore valiantly subdued all Scantia, which is now called Norway, and all the Islands beyond Norway, to wit, Island and Greenland which are appertaining to Norway, Sweveland, Ireland, Gottland, Denmarke, Semeland, Windland, Curland, Roe, Femeland, Wireland, Flanders, Cherilland, Lapland, and all the other lands and islands of the East Sea, even unto Russia (in which he placed the Easterly bounds of his British Empire) and many other Islands beyond Norway even under the North pole, which are appendances of Scantia, now called Norway. These people were wild and savage, and had not in them the love of God nor of their neighbours, because all evil cometh from the North, yet there were among them certeine Christians living in secret."

Verily, the extirpation of the disreputably meek and lowly must seem a difficult task even to a biologist. I am, etc.,  
 Urbana, Illinois. J. H. GREENE.

## BOOKS.

### UNDER SOVIET RULE.

In his latest book, "The Russian Workers' Republic," Mr. H. N. Brailsford gives us an enlightening view of the attempt that is being made in Russia to adapt modern methods of production to a broader measure of human comfort and happiness. It is plain that thus far the Russian experiment has not been able to emerge beyond a mere struggle for existence. It has had to face the organized hostility of every country where production is controlled for the profit of a privileged class. Naturally the high priests of this class have proclaimed their taboos and anathemas against a new order in which privilege is subordinated to the general welfare. Their propaganda has been aided by that small but highly articulate class of expropriated Russians, the large landowners and proprietors. In addition to contending against civil wars and periodical invasions, and a stringent blockade extending over three years, the new leaders in Russia have had to work with a society in a condition of almost complete collapse, composed for the most part of extremely backward human material.

We gather from Mr. Brailsford that the task of fitting the great mass of the Russian peasantry for free citizenship in an advanced republic is wellnigh a hopeless one. The psychology of serfdom, with its by-products of general illiteracy and indolence, contribute to this impasse. It is to the new generation that Russia must look for salvation—if indeed the world war and her own war against the world have left enough material in Russia to enable the people physically to struggle through to salvation. In the villages this cleavage between the old generation and the new is really the difference between the twelfth century and the twentieth.

The Communists [says Mr. Brailsford in summing up] stand for rationalism, for an intelligent system of cultivation, for education, and for an active ideal of co-operation and social service, against superstition, waste, illiteracy and passive sloth. . . . Youth is ranged against age in the villages, and the battle is really one between an Oriental conservatism and a modern and Western view of life. Lenin continues the unfinished work of Peter the Great.

Mr. Brailsford's book is the fruit of two months of observation in Russia in the autumn of last year. Though not entirely familiar with the Russian language he had a working knowledge of it, and could converse with peasants and artisans as well as Commissars. He went about freely and talked with people of all classes and political factions. Most of the current books on Russia sketch the life in the larger cities only. Mr. Brailsford spent a large portion of his time in the rural province and city of Vladimir, and he gives us a picture of Russian life probably much more typical of the country as a

<sup>1</sup> "The Russian Workers' Republic." Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: Harper & Brothers.



whole than that of Moscow or Petrograd. It was in Vladimir, it will be recalled, that the Overman Committee of the United States Senate, taking testimony in Washington, discovered the existence of that famous enactment for the nationalization of women. As a result of this shocking practice, when Mr. L. C. A. K. Martens, the Russian trade-representative here, secured a conference in Wall Street with some leading American bankers with the idea of establishing credits, based on large deposits of Russian gold, for the purchase of American locomotives and agricultural machinery, he was informed that the moral conscience of the American business man would not permit him to trade with a country where womanhood was being so degraded. Curiously enough Mr. Brailsford does not once mention this nationalization of women, so it is safe to infer that unlike Mr. Overman and his colleagues the inhabitants of Vladimir have not yet heard about it.

Mr. Brailsford gives us the most intimate picture yet presented of the creative force unleashed by the revolution, of its struggles and failures and triumphs. In the forest, twenty miles from the town of Vladimir, he found a huge cotton-factory which before the revolution had a population of 12,000 employees. Its oil-fuel had to come from Baku, a thousand miles away, and its coal from the Donets, five hundred miles distant, but capital had fixed on the site because in that district the soil was poor and therefore the cheapest peasant-labour was abundant. In the huge wooden barracks each worker and his family had been housed in a single cell, with one small window. There was no artificial light, no sanitation. "One could visualize in these crowded cells the dingy lives of the powerless human tools who had ground out profits for the owners of the mill." With the revolution the company vanished and the factory became a self-governing community. "Without training or experience, amid war, civil war and blockade, sometimes half starved, and often for long months without cotton, grappling with every imaginable difficulty, material and moral, this community had striven, as its own master, to lay the foundations of a human and autonomous life." Electric lights had been installed in the barracks and pipes laid for drains. Plans had been prepared for new workers' dwellings. Crèches and kindergartens, new schools, a library with 900 volumes, a theatre—all these had sprung from this new life, as well as a fire brigade and new roads and buildings, and all this in spite of the fact that a third of the active workers had been drawn into the Red army. Incidentally, amid the fuel shortage, the railway break-down and the lack of raw materials and essential tools and food-stuffs, the workers and technicians were struggling to keep production going somehow until peace and the ending of the blockade should restore normal conditions.

The story of the administration of Vladimir Province under Soviet rule is equally interesting. Despite a complete lack of essential drugs and medicines (these things had never been manufactured in Russia) typhus has virtually been stamped out and typhoid reduced below the pre-war average. Four new sanatoria for tuberculosis and thirty new dental clinics with free treatment have been established. Itinerant lecturers, with cinema-illustrations, give the villagers instruction in hygiene and in the care of children and the sick. Schools have increased in spite of the poverty and the dearth of materials, and the number of pupils has grown by fifty per cent. Before the revolution the province had only one kindergarten. Mr. Brailsford found one hundred and forty.

The Extraordinary Commission, which in Moscow Mr. Brailsford describes as "a ruthless engine of terror," is a mild affair in the provinces, if Vladimir is a sample. Mr. Brailsford's investigations revealed the fact that though in the early days of the revolution, in isolated cases, a few wealthy landholders may have suffered temporary ill treatment, no one in the entire province of 1,600,000 population had been killed for holding hostile political opinions. During the year a total of six persons was haled before the Commission under the charge of "counter-revolution-

ary and anti-Soviet activities." All but one were acquitted, and the convicted one was sentenced to six months in jail, but was released after two months. In these United States where people have not infrequently been sentenced to ten or even twenty years for expressing a view of public affairs contrary to that held by some official dunderhead or some clique of patriotic Peeping Toms, such a record seems strangely conservative.

Mr. Brailsford's study of the workings of the Communist party and its dictatorship are extremely informing. In the circumstances, he points out, some sort of dictatorship was inevitable, and doubtless the Russian people were fortunate in getting one as intelligent and relentless as that of the Communist leaders. With the development of its elaborate programme of education, Mr. Brailsford believes, the Communist party is making the eventual ending of the dictatorship a certainty and laying the only possible foundation for a free society. At present the inertia and indolence of the peasant mass makes the problem of production, in all its ramifications, most difficult. The hope of Russia lies in the generation that is now growing up inspired with the vision of a new order.

Those who wish to supplement their Russian reading with personal portraits of the Soviet leaders, will enjoy Mrs. Clare Sheridan's diary<sup>1</sup> of her visit to the Russian capital. Mrs. Sheridan went to Russia as a sculptor, with designs on the heads of Lenin and his associates, but she is a clever journalist as well, and her little volume is buoyant and jolly. She carries the story of her wanderings through to her later visit to the United States, and we read that she had no sooner landed in New York than a former socialist, now a successful anti-Soviet propagandist, called upon her and instructed her in the proper thing to say about Soviet Russia—which he himself, by the way, has never visited. Mrs. Sheridan records how she took him to the hotel nursery, where her little boy was sliding down a miniature chute, and soon—*facilis descensus!*—the propagandist was sliding down the plank with the child, and seemingly enjoying the sensation.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

### EXERCISES IN DIVINITY.

CEZANNE held that art itself was a priesthood, demanding the purest and most complete sacrifice on the part of its professor, but Mr. Maynard is evidently not a disciple of Cézanne. Rather is he of the opinion that no art can exist without a considerable smattering of divinity—and to him this phrase connotes the divinity taught in the Roman Catholic Church. We need not quarrel, however, about Mr. Maynard's religion. There have been plenty of great Catholic poets, from Dante and St. Francis, to St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, Crashaw and Francis Thompson. The cause of our dislike of Mr. Maynard's work<sup>2</sup> goes deeper. It is inherent in his attitude towards life.

To be a great writer and to be imbued with the theological spirit, is extremely difficult. One must be able to look on all things, including theology, unsentimentally. Dante's liberated souls in Paradise were not less liberated by appearing to him merely as disembodied voices and flames; nor was Dostoevsky's Father Zossima less a saint for the fact that his body rotted soon after death. To the great religious poet there is a tragedy of the soul as of the body; a tragedy expressed by a certain famous saint in the remark: "We have no remedy against our own desire." Mr. Maynard refuses to be honest with himself about his own faith. He looks on it, as on everything else, through rose-tinted glasses of what he doubtless prefers to call romance, but which we prefer to call sentimentality. Rose-tinted glasses may be good for his eyes, and are doubtless popular with a certain not inconsiderable section of the public. Unfortunately, they spoil the view. "The Divine Adventure," Mr. Maynard's novel,

<sup>1</sup> "Mayfair to Moscow; Clare Sheridan's Diary." New York: Boni & Liveright.

<sup>2</sup> "The Divine Adventure." "The Last Knight." Theodore Maynard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.



is distinguished for nothing but its lack of humour. The pictures of monastic life here given leave us with the conviction that the Teacher of Galilee would have found the society of his latest followers distinctly tame, conventional, and boring. Michael, the hero, is weak and unattractive, and the long theological discussions are tedious and unnecessary. The plot is elementary and seems merely an excuse to enable Mr. Maynard to air his views.

"The Last Knight" shows our author in a more congenial rôle, that of versifier. Here and there, as in "Six Epitaphs," or "Sun," he catches a gleam from Mr. Cherterton's rollicking blade of satire or Francis Thompson's gorgeous panoply of song. But, mostly, this book too is overburdened with the watery dampness of sentimental pieties. Prettiness is evidently Mr. Maynard's besetting sin. He has made his Catholicism something narrow, tiny and Georgian; and when he falls into versified dialectic, as in "The Manichee," he becomes so utterly leaden and dull that we wonder what difference there can be, except the addition of a few rhymed tags, between poetry such as this and the most paralytically conventional sermon preached any Sunday in any church in the world.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### THE LITTLE THEATRE'S REPERTORY.

It sometimes seems a pity that the industrial statistician is so cold to the drama. Imagine Mr. Babson let loose on Broadway. How interesting it would be to see a circular diagram showing the proportion of the audience's dollar that goes to the author, to the actor, to the landlord, to the manager, and to paying off the losses on the manager's last three or four failures; or a chart showing the amount of energy given respectively to lectures, reading and play-going by some of our most enthusiastic lady-devotees of the modern drama; or a graph of the upsweep of realism in the nineteenth century laid beside a graph of the decline and resurgence of the romantic play, with the point of future juncture prophetically projected. Certainly a statistician could get a very high "index number" of the development of the better theatre out of the fact that four American publishers have brought out within a year four volumes in which are collected no less than one hundred one-act plays.

These one hundred plays are very far from exhausting the supply of the really excellent recent comedies and dramas that take less than an hour to act. In one of the bibliographies to "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors," Miss Mayorga lists eleven pages of playlets by Americans alone, all of which are available in printed form. The significance of this becomes considerable when one considers that, except for a few short farces, no one-act plays of any merit were in existence half a century ago. The type of dramatists who developed after Ibsen may be thanked for the creation of the one-act play form. The causes of its creation are, as Miss Mayorga points out, three-fold, and two of these three bear most suggestively upon the nature of the modern theatre.

Quite apart from the theatre, of course, lies the general interest in literary cameos to which we owe the short story. The discovery that there could be a peculiar pleasure in the creation and the contemplation of fictional literature refined to a length comparable with the lyric poem, was bound to extend itself from the story to the play. But the extensive development of the shorter form in the theatre—where mastery was more difficult than in prose fiction—was due to two other influences.

The first of these was the discovery by Continental dramatists that plays might be unified about a single dramatic idea, that they could round out a social or domestic theme instead of sprawling through a romantic or melodramatic narrative. Thus, Mr. Bernard Shaw could state a theory of God in "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet" quite as well as in "Androcles and the

Lion." This theory of the origin of the one-act play is sound *in extenso*, though the reservation should be made that Molière, among others, had learned to use an idea as the basis for a comedy a long time before Ibsen used an idea as the basis for drama, and longer still before Lady Gregory wrote playlets round mere gossip or the embarrassments of too good a reputation. The growth of the centralized idea in drama stimulated the development of the one-act play; but there was another stimulus which was, I think, even more effective.

This was the coming of what is variously called the "free theatre," the "art theatre" and the "little theatre." The extent of its possible influence may be gauged by the fact that in this country where the established theatre is least advanced and the "little theatre" therefore most active, the output of one-act plays has been greatest in proportion to the period of time considered. The extensive writing of one-act plays in America has followed the development of the little-theatre movement and has occupied, roughly, the period from 1911 to 1921. Within these ten years, American writers have turned out a body of playlets that fully justify such a special collection as Miss Mayorga's and the giving up of half of Messrs. Shay's and Loving's volume of "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays" to native work. The fact that these playwrights are not the men and women who write the plays of Broadway is doubly significant of the close relation of the one-act form to the experimental or "rebel" theatre.

The one-act play serves two purposes, one for its writer and one for its producer. Within its shorter length and stricter technical demands, the playwright finds an admirable means for learning and for the first practice of his art. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, for example, has only just begun to feel his way out from half-hour plays to longer and more exacting exercises of his talent. Americans, learning their art with almost no plays of real merit appearing upon the stage for their guidance and observation, have had to go further back than European beginners; they have had to build more for themselves, and the one-act play has formed an admirable means of experimentation.

The character of the little-theatre movement in America—which means the demands of the producer—has played a still larger part in stimulating the writing of one-act plays in this country. The little theatre is "little" simply from its poverty of financial means. It must dodge rent-bills until it develops an audience to pay them. Artistically, also, it has had to do things *in petto*. It has lacked the artistic resources in directive and acting talent to risk the production of the classics and the standard plays of the Continent. It has fallen back, therefore, on short pieces. They require less rehearsal-time from the amateur and a less extensive talent. Their values are a little easier to gauge from the printed page; and, in a bill of four such pieces, if the points of one are not adequately brought out, owing to some weakness in the actors or directors, there are always the other three to fall back upon.

Thus the newer American playwright has found a demand for the sort of play that it was easiest and safest for him to try his apprentice hand at. Until lately he has noticed no demand from the theatre of Broadway for the type of drama that he wished to write. Therefore he has turned his hand first to the one-act form. Now that he has developed his art as a dramatist and the little theatres have developed theirs as producers, the interesting question arises, whether the experimental theatre or Broadway will first reap the benefit. Will the coming long plays of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Miss Alice Gerstenberg, Miss Susan Glaspell, Mr. Lewis Beach, Miss Theresa Helburn, Mr. Philip Moeller, Miss Edna St Vincent Millay and Miss Rita Wellman find their homes on Broadway or farther from the white lights? Mr. Moeller has been adopted already by the commercial theatre. Mr. O'Neill began its invasion boldly with

<sup>1</sup> "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors." Edited by Margaret G. Mayorga. Boston: Little, Brown and Co.

<sup>2</sup> "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays." Edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Co.



"Beyond the Horizon," but this season has suggested that a flank attack via the Provincetown Players, who mounted "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent" before Broadway recognized their merit, may perhaps be more successful.

As to the merits of these collections themselves, "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays," by its very size, takes precedence. For once in publishing history, the "blurb" upon the wrapper of a book speaks true: this is "a complete repertory for the little theatre." Miss Mayorga's "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors" contains more American titles than are included in Messrs. Shay's and Loving's volume, but the level of her twenty-four is not so high as the level of their twenty-two. Of hers I think only three are of extraordinary merit, while seven in the other volume come up to their level. "Short Plays by Representative Authors" covers the general field of Continental and American drama with twelve plays, of which only one American example is outstanding, Mr. Ridgely Torrence's "Rider of Dreams." In the Continental field, this collection falls below that of Messrs. Shay and Loving not only in number but also in quality. Miss Smith's volume bears the marks, in manufacture as well as material, of having been designed primarily for "educational" purposes. It contains, however, a play by Masefield and one by Fulda, writers unwisely ignored in the other volumes. The absence of Shaw and Barrie from the collections must be put down to niggardly restrictions of copyright, but it seems odd that none of the volumes contains a play by Harold Chapin or J. M. Synge.

While Miss Cohen's collection<sup>2</sup> is designed for the student and the little-theatre director, it offers in the preface a clear and illuminating article on modern production-methods, applicable to the sixteen plays in the volume, that should be of great service to amateur producers. The book also supplies some interesting illustrations showing how certain of the pieces have been mounted by little theatres in America.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

### LOOKING BACKWARD.

IN times like the present, when so many familiar voices talk despairingly of the future of human progress, it is an unfailing source of renewed hope to look back and to review the accomplishments of the past. Perhaps that is why we are being deluged of late with books from different countries, all attempting to put the history of early man into intelligible form. During the last ten years the early portion of this long narrative, that of Palæolithic man, has been recounted not only by German, French, and Spanish investigators, but by English and American as well. The later portion of the record, or that pertaining to Neolithic man, has also received considerable attention, in particular from Scandinavian, Swiss, and English specialists—all of whom, however, wrote several decades ago. It has remained for Professor Tyler in his book, "The New Stone Age in Northern Europe,"<sup>3</sup> to become the first American to deal extensively with this latter comparatively obscure phase of prehistoric development.

The life of prehistoric man teemed with crises of all sorts, many of which were doubtless more serious than the crises of our own times, but so far we have caught only glimpses here and there of the long cinematic record, and may not be dogmatic about the little we know. Furthermore, the facts on which the story rests have been dug out of the earth instead of from dusty archives, and we are not yet accustomed to deciphering this type of evidence, which, so far as it goes, is more trustworthy than the flattering and prejudicing statements that are found in parchments or are handed down from mouth to mouth. A stone ax, an arrowpoint of bone, or a neck-

lace of seashells are genuine unalterable facts expressive of man's attainments. But while archæology as a handmaid to history promises great things, it is well to remember that this branch of inquiry is little more than a century old and that the validity of its evidences was not generally accepted until about seventy years ago.

Professor Tyler prepares his reader for the coming of Neolithic man by sketching in outline the chief events, geologic, biologic, and cultural, of the preceding Palæolithic Age. During this vast stretch of time man as a reasoning being emerged, separated into various racial groups, and made considerable progress, although he was as yet a mere nomad and hunter, without even a dog to help him. With the approach of modern climatic conditions in Western Europe and the consequent change in the animal life, this primitive hunter left his cave home and for a time seems to have preferred life by the open waters, in particular the seashores, where food of another type was easily obtained. He became, in other words, a fisherman. Then new influences and contributions, among which were domestic animals and the common cereals, ultimately reached him from the more advanced peoples of Eastern lands, and little by little necessity drew him again to the interior in search of grazing and agricultural opportunities. Sedentary life became established and with the augmented food-supply the populations increased and specialization in art and industry began to take effect along many different lines. By this time stone-tools had been improved to the point where man could cope with the rank-growing forest, reducing it to fuel and to utensils and implements of all sorts. The ceramic and textile arts also began to make their appearance. This was approximately the course of events in the Baltic region, but in Switzerland and other interior localities man remained down to historic times by the lake-shores, building his villages often on pile-structures rising out in the shallow waters. Here, the metallurgical arts also made their way from the East, but these seem not to have changed the comparatively peaceful tenor of the lake-dwellers' life, though in the North the results were far different. The Goths and the Vikings of the West, and the Hyksos, the Achæans, and the Scythians of the East, reacted as one to the possession of metallic weapons—and it appears to be still a question in some people's minds whether the aggressive warrior or the peaceful worker is to survive in the age-long struggle.

Such, in brief, is the general trend of Professor Tyler's story. In telling it, however, he furnishes a great wealth of facts and observations on the Neolithic arts and industries, on the inferred religious and social life of the people, on the racial and linguistic affiliations, on the migrations of peoples as well as on the slow transmission of ideas and practices, and, finally, on the backbone of the whole subject, namely, the chronology, i. e., the arrangement of the facts and events in the order of their occurrence. The title of the book, as a matter of fact, seems hardly adequate for the contents, which in reality treat of the archæology of all of Europe excepting southern Spain, Italy, and northern Russia; besides devoting a chapter to the antiquities of south-western Asia, the region whence came the cultural leaven that so largely made Western Europe what it is to-day.

Professor Tyler's volume fills a distinct want in our archæological literature. We have, it is true, our own archæological problems here in America, but these will hardly ever become so fascinating as those of Europe, which deal with truly ancestral documents. A book of this character, embodying data gathered by a multitude of workers in many different lands, could hardly be expected to meet all the requirements of a complete manual. Nevertheless, as a first attempt of its kind by an American, for whom it was evidently a labour of love, it is to be heartily commended, particularly for the general reader. The specialist will find in it perhaps more of interpretation and less of description than he could have desired. He will also find not a few minor errors, but

<sup>1</sup> "Short Plays by Representative Authors." Edited by Alice M. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>2</sup> "One-Act Plays by Modern Authors." Edited by Helen Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

<sup>3</sup> "The New Stone Age in Northern Europe." John M. Tyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



the average reader is not likely to stumble over these shortcomings of an otherwise very readable book.

The general picture presented by Professor Tyler of man's long, hard, upward struggle seems thoroughly well drawn and true, except perhaps in one particular: in compressing the events of several millennia into a few pages, it is easy to convey a wholly erroneous impression by neglecting any mention of this or that feature. Thus the reader of this volume is likely to come away with the notion that prehistoric Europe was one long period of idyllic peace; whereas neither history nor tradition, neither mythology nor archæology, allows us to imagine that stormy continent ever to have been a land of peace.

N. C. NELSON.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

PROBABLY Miss Chown's friends persuaded her that to put her theories and experiences into literary form would multiply their availability, bestowing more generally the bounty that her personality inevitably conveys at nearer view. But the virtue that with contact goes out of her, refuses the covers of her book which she calls 'The Stairway.' This may not be due so much to any lack of originality and esprit of expression, of any particular grace of humour or structural beauty of mind, as to the fact that her gay enterprise of spirit, her infectious confidence in her fellows is essentially incommunicable at long range. Her radicalism and unconventionality are not in themselves calculated to startle; they are but slightly beyond the taboos of the Age of Innocence; but why should one be misled by their mildness into ignoring the vast significance they have for her, why can not one imaginatively catch her excitement at each fresh challenge accepted, at her mounting triumph? Feeling these things herself with exaltation, she fails to engage her readers in the adventure of her sharp ascent. Yet the failure is not complete. As she describes the steps by which she emerges from the restrictions of a little provincial town into an increasing experience, even the critic most easily irritated by triteness must find himself wondering at the naive literalness with which she eagerly applies his inert axioms of conduct, at the way she learns by doing; and his wonder will be tinged with something of awe before the magic of her infallible capacity to quicken and inspirit her motley acquaintances.

G. B. K.

IN his book<sup>1</sup> on the war, Captain Peter E. Wright, who served as assistant secretary of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, visualizes the conflict, so far as the Allies are concerned, as a grim comedy of errors, in which two heroes were persistently balked by a group of minor villains or blunderers. Marshal Foch and Mr. Lloyd George are his two outstanding figures. To the former he gives unqualified worship, and the latter he describes as surpassing all other members of the Supreme Council in will and insight, though he deplores the Premier's "inveterate distaste for low and unscrupulous men" and "his superficial, slipshod and hasty mind." M. Clemenceau he dismisses as the most amiable of old men and "only a stuffed nursery tiger." The war, he attempts to show, was unduly prolonged by the blundering intrigues of such men as Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Generals Haig ("a knightly figure . . . but on a very low plane of human intelligence") and Petain. Captain Wright was an insider, and as he pushes aside the curtains he discovers to our view an enlivening and instructive picture of wrangling diplomats, intent principally on holding their jobs, and bungling generals press-agented into popular demigods, while the organs of information, under the control of an ignorant and unscrupulous General Staff, zealously dupe with cynical unrealities both the cannon-fodder and the rest of the underlying populations. One gathers from Captain Wright's book the depressing idea that for a nation in war the loss in decency and honour is inevitably even greater than the loss in human life.

H. K.

MR. C. LEWIS HIND has recently written a thoroughly admirable autobiography by a new method: he has crowded all of his egoism into his titles, and when he discloses his occupations, his interests, his travels, he allows these personalia to shine through the neutral medium of a piece of literature or

a painting. As a result, one scarcely knows whether to place these two volumes, "Art and I" and "Authors and I" in the category of criticism or autobiography. These little essays are like the reminiscent chatter that a friend might bestow upon a prospective traveller as he hands him various letters of introduction: they are a little less than criticism, they are a little more than anecdote. The impression Mr. Hind makes is that of persuasive familiarity. Into an American tradition that has become pontifical in its remoteness—perhaps owing to the distance of Cambridge and Urbana from any of the genuine centres of art and letters—Mr. Hind introduces a new cordiality and intimacy; though Heaven forbid that everyone should take to writing in Mr. Hind's easy, personal style! But our wry-necked tradition in criticism will stand a good measure of rubbing before it becomes sufficiently limber to look at the whole world around it, and not at the particular part of it that "morals" or insularity or good taste or one hundred per cent Americanism permits it to gaze upon. Generally speaking, American criticism has lacked gusto. It has laid its weight on the necessity for discrimination rather than on the luxury of appetite. Only in its avoidances has American criticism been catholic. The fear of being taken in has largely prevented our critics from taking anything in; especially in the arts of painting and sculpture they have clung to traditional methods, and traditional developments of traditional methods, with a tenacity that is usually exhibited by new-born infants and timid men. Mr. Hind knocks our inhibitions into a cocked hat: he preserves his balance by cultivating a multitude of enthusiasms. Velazquez and van Gogh, Belloc and Tolstoy, Matisse and Holbein—he can assimilate something nourishing and life-giving from all sorts of work and all conditions of men. One might designate his books by the sub-title: *The Studies of an Appreciative Man*. In fine, he has mastered the capital office of the critic: to lead the reader to good books and good works of art.

L. C. M.

SOME day, we hope, a skilled production-engineer, versed in the worker's psychology, with a sense of responsibility attaching to the use of statistics, and above all with an ability to write intelligible English, will sum up the waste of the present system of strikes by labour, and lockout and unemployment-spells due to capital and management. "The High Cost of Strikes"<sup>2</sup> by Marshall Olds, does not fill the bill. The author declares himself to have been a "labourer—on a farm, as assistant in a railway repair-shop, as a dock-walloper, as a working-boss of a gang, and as an assistant machinist," but never an employer. Unfortunately he has no sense of the peril of statistics as propaganda. His style is verbose and involved to the point of exasperation. Whole paragraphs of mere assertion or generalization are repeated again and again, quite out of their logical context in order to give a false sense of cumulative evidence. Saddest of all, the "soul of wit" is not in him. His thesis that strikes are the fundamental cause of the high cost of living; that they are the ultimate cause even of the profiteer; that they are indeed more costly than the great war itself, provides ample scope for long and careful treatment; but the actual data adduced by Mr. Olds as proof for these assertions could comfortably be stated in thirty pages. The rest is the merest journalism. Mania-strikes—a sort of industrial influenza caused by the Red bacillus; graft-strikes such as those called by Boss Brindell of New York; outlaw-strikes such as the railway and printing-trade "vacations" of last year; these, according to Mr. Olds, constitute by far the larger portion of the modern strike-epidemic. He would treat this "un-American" ferment in industry in a thoroughly hundred-per-cent manner. The great labour-organizations should be prosecuted under the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which, in Mr. Olds's view, has been so successfully used against combinations of capital! He would repeal the Clayton Act and make thereby a second outlaw rail-strike "absolutely impossible." Finally, he fervently advocates the "Open Shop" as at once labour's purge, the workman's protection, and the panacea for all labour-ills. We would commend to the attention of Mr. Olds the reports on waste in industry recently produced by the highest authorities in the engineering world: in particular, we would ask him to contemplate the astonishing conclusion of these eminent engineers that fifty per cent of the waste in production is the fault of management, whereas labour is responsible for but twenty-five per cent.

W. H. C.

<sup>1</sup> "Art and I." "Authors and I." C. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Co.

<sup>2</sup> "The High Cost of Strikes." Marshall Olds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>1</sup> "The Stairway." Alice Chown. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

<sup>2</sup> "At the Supreme War Council," Captain Peter E. Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



## EX LIBRIS.

THE first thing to challenge attention in Mr. Graham Wallas's new volume, "Our Social Heritage," is the author's scrupulous respect for the actual human material which constitutes society. His thought always takes its start from living human beings, people of flesh and blood, men and women with conflicting instincts and interests. No other student of society has so insistently brought modern psychology to bear upon problems of social organization. He gives a new realism to the concept of man as a political animal, and it seems inconceivable after listening to Mr. Wallas that our ideas should ever revert to the stuffed manikins of nineteenth-century thought. In contrast to the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers of Mr. Wallas, the automatic wax-works of Hobbes, Ricardo, Bentham and James Mill resemble realities about as much as a weight-chart resembles a baby. Yet antiquated as these older conceptions now appear, we shall doubtless catch ourselves from time to time making assumptions as though we still accepted the falsely simple philosophies which have been reared upon them. For habit has us by the neurones, and we are used to Ricardo's idea that man's action is dominated by economic motives alone, or to Hobbes's view that human beings can be manipulated exclusively by fear and the lust of power, or to the opinion of James Mill and Bentham, that man coldly calculates and clearly foresees his pleasure and his pain. We can hardly free ourselves all at once from these earlier notions even though at the same time we may passively accept the ideas of William James and Professor McDougall and Professor Watkins. But with his "Human Nature in Politics," then "The Great Society" and now "Our Social Heritage" Mr. Wallas brings the stirrings of fresh fusions into this sterile isolation of ideas, and henceforth we shall find it less easy to think in the old stale terms.

It is not only man as the material of the great society that interests Mr. Wallas, it is man as its creator. The tonic faith that man can be the conscious designer of his own social institutions has been consistently sapped by the almost craven subordination to "science" of nineteenth-century thinkers. When the rigid determinism of the mechanical sciences was carried over into the more complex material of biologic and social theory, an inert concept of "natural law" took the place of human obligation and purpose. The processes of survival in the biologic realm and the law of supply and demand in the economic came to be invested with the sacred sanction of natural forces. In so mechanical a world, man's creative function visibly shrank, and it seemed to be his whole duty to ally himself with, or at least not to delay, the inevitable—though how a consistent determinism could ever permit him to do anything else is not precisely clear. Mr. Wallas himself does not resolve the hoary dilemma of determinism. He plainly dodges it with the statement that perhaps both determinism and vitalism may be true, ignoring the fact that the difficulty lies precisely in the logical impossibility of showing how both can be true if the concepts are mutually destructive. Where Mr. Wallas does succeed is in indicating that determinism crassly applied to the social sciences is itself "unscientific" in failing to take account of all the various and changing factors. "Science" can hardly be pre-empted by those who, while disregarding human determination as one of the forces of determinism, use it as a wet blanket upon the flames of initiative.

IN spite of "scientific" theories, however, man's power to create his environment, constantly remoulding it in closer conformity to his purpose, is daily augmented by his increase of knowledge and skill, his knowledge both of his own capacities and of the external and material world. This added knowledge and skill, however, has its seamy side. Time was when there were few new things

to see and tell. Back among the lower savages, or remoter still among the higher animals, there was little in the way of instruction for parents to pass on to offspring; the little which these parents had in turn assimilated from their progenitors. But since the invention of tools and language, especially of written language, the accumulation of acquisitions that must be made during a single lifetime is continuously accelerated. Our social heritage has now become so massive that we spend nearly our whole lives in trying to acquire and to teach this too profuse bounty of the past. The necessity of its absorption and transmission constitutes a burden and a strain upon each generation, one that may prove, in Mr. Wallas's view, "too great for a happy and harmonious life," and yet were one single generation to fail altogether to appropriate this technique of civilization the penalty would be the extinction of the race.

"If," says Mr. Wallas, "the earth were struck by one of Mr. Wells's comets, and if, in consequence, every human being now alive were to lose all knowledge and habits which he had acquired from preceding generations (though remaining unchanged in his own powers of invention, and memory and habituation) nine-tenths of the inhabitants of London or New York would be dead in a month, and ninety-nine per cent. of the remaining tenth would be dead in six months. They would have no language in which to express their thoughts, and no thoughts but vague reverie. They could not read notices, or drive motors or horses. They would wander about led by the inarticulate cries of a few dominant individuals, drowning themselves as thirst came on in hundreds at the riverside landing-places, looting those shops where the smell of decaying fruit attracted them, and perhaps at the end stumbling on the expedient of cannibalism. Even in the country districts men could not invent, in time to preserve their lives, methods of growing food, of taming animals, or making fire, or so clothing themselves as to endure the northern winter. An attack of measles or constipation would be invariably fatal. After a few years mankind would almost certainly disappear from the northern and temperate zones. A few primitive races might live on fruit and small animals in those fertile tropical regions where the human species was originally evolved, until they had somehow accumulated a new social heritage. After some thousand of generations, they would probably possess something that we should recognize as a language, and perhaps some art of taming animals and cultivating land. They might or might not have re-created such general ideas as 'law' or 'liberty,' though they might have created other general ideas which would be new to us."

BUT though this vast social heritage imposes upon us an enormously changed environment, our biologic inheritance—our nature as opposed to nurture—has altered but little since primitive man first made his awkward implements. Biologically we are prepared, therefore, for a very different sort of life from that in which we find ourselves. In order to make the requisite accommodations, it is necessary for us to do violence to our instincts, to repress our impulses, to become disciplined in thought and act to the vast and complicated necessities of our day. How can we accept this alarming heritage which has been placed so imperiously at our disposal, requiring, as it does, social co-operation on the grand scale, without compromising too rashly with a "harmonious and happy life"—aye, there's the question. Out of our biologic savageries, we must somehow fashion a common life that shall do adequate justice to our heritage of knowledge and power; out of this strange raw material of our primitive selves we must somehow build the structure of society, the city of mankind. That, in brief, is the problem to which, with an attitude humble and experimental before the facts, daring before the dead hand of tradition, "Our Social Heritage" is addressed. To meet this problem, says Mr. Wallas, we must plan deliberately, we must think. Fortunately, thinking itself is an

<sup>1</sup> "Our Social Heritage." Graham Wallas. New Haven: Yale University Press.



instinctive process, so that we do not have to make our political bricks entirely without straw, but unfortunately the instinct by itself does not take us far, not much beyond vague reverie. What we need is a technique of thought so that we can focus our attention for considerable periods—a quite unnatural procedure. To discipline and develop this instinct, we must study its ways, the conditions that favour it, the recreations that relieve the strain of prolonged concentration, the methods of turning it on and off, the deliberate utilization of our subconscious reservoirs; finally, we must work out the methods appropriate to co-operative as well as to individual thinking. Mr. Wallas vividly emphasizes this necessity by an analysis of the report of the British Dardanelles Commission (1917) and of the Mesopotamian Commission (1917), where a few men charged with vast undertakings, by their failure to develop an efficient technique of intellectual collaboration committed a series of errors of enormous consequence.

WHEN we turn to problems involving co-operation on a larger scale, on a national or even international basis, we encounter proportionately greater difficulties. Our gregarious instinct is most effective in small groups where we can see and hear each other, catch the contagion of immediate presence and the pressure of common impulse. But in large groups this infection is impossible. People in the mass become mere abstractions, groups become concepts, or even little more than names, and while we sometimes react to labels powerfully, we do so without discrimination. As Mr. Wallas says,

When we vote, or write a letter, or telegraph an order, or co-operate in any other way in a nation-wide action, we are often like an excited rustic at the fair who should fire a gun at the painted French army on the panorama canvas and kill a real market-woman across the square. . . . But the fact that the impulses which make us vote, or invest, or dogmatize on politics at the club are tepid and half-hearted, does nothing to diminish the sharpness with which distant but real human beings are affected by our decisions.

Mr. Wallas points out a few of the means by which we can introduce a more rigorous realism into such thinking. If we could succeed in picturing human beings as they are, we should find it impossible to permit for a moment the present social and economic inequalities. We should insist, as Mr. Wallas insists, upon a radical redistribution and economy of productive work that would bring less strain to the worker, and greater interest, greater variety, even, why not? creative exhilaration.

SUPPOSE that by enlisting the instincts that favour group-action, we succeed in bringing it about that a "much larger proportion than at present of the inhabitants of the great industrial nations consciously consent to play their part in the process of national co-operation," there would still remain the problem of the most desirable forms that such co-operation should take. Where should the authority be vested, how delegated, upon what groupings should it be based, territorial? capitalistic? vocational? At some length Mr. Wallas analyses vocational organization in the fields of law, medicine, teaching and the army, and finally in its most ambitious form of guild socialism. Severely criticizing, as he does, the evils consequent upon professionalism, Mr. Wallas will doubtless antagonize many a medical practitioner whose code of honour, whose attitude toward outsiders, whose social ideals have become the servants of a narrow class consciousness, but those who can read this chapter without bias will find his drastic application of the standard of social efficiency a bracing and practical criterion. In order to organize society at all, general conceptions are necessary, theories of justice and goodness, leading ideas whose implications serve as a sort of rude guide in the construction of political institutions. What a part such terms have played in social evolution! "Rights" "Independence," "Liberty"! These Mr. Wallas puts under a psychological microscope, discovering their serviceable and their obstructive aspects. How soon they grow arid and sacrosanct, out of gear with contemporary pur-

poses! These tools of social readjustment need constant re-examination and criticism, and one can not but wish that some American sociologist would make a similar analysis of concepts of our American law, "due process," "equal protection of the laws," "freedom of contract," to the end of freshening them up as socially useful ideas.

Nor the least daring of Mr. Wallas's appraisals is concerned with the attitudes inculcated by the Christian Church, especially by the established Church of England. Its tendencies to produce a narrow professionalism among the clergy, to substitute sacramentalism for a social concept of conduct, to induce squirrel-cage emotions rather than an eager and searching doubt, dampen and enervate men's wider social responsibilities. Mr. Wallas would welcome the indications which are increasingly apparent among all denominations of the Christian Church in this country of a quickened sense of current problems, of a growing honesty in the attempt to interpret the democracy of Christ in terms of industrial justice. The world-attitude towards our present-day problems is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Wallas in his discussion of the influence of Lord Beaverbrook upon the British general election in 1918 when Mr. Lloyd George was returned to power by a great Jingo majority.

By the result of that election, [says Mr. Wallas] Lloyd George made it impossible for him to use at Paris the power of Great Britain for the promotion of reconciliation and good will in Europe. Because of what he then said and did, children a century hence in every European country who might have lived in health will be crippled or killed by disease; youths and girls who might have entered into the kingdom of knowledge will toil in ignorance; nations who might have been friends will hate and fear each other.

Yet as Mr. Wallas read the congratulations of the British press upon Lord Beaverbrook's accomplishment he felt, "as an Athenian spectator must have felt who watched the tragedies of Oedipus or Agamemnon, how small and pardonable are those weaknesses of mankind which can set in motion such an avalanche of human suffering." Something of the inclusive pity that sang in the psalmist's "For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust" is here, and yet it abates by no degree Mr. Wallas's "terror" at the catastrophe. But it gives the key to the desire behind the writing of this book, the desire that this "dust" shall make better provision against its own weakness and out of its frailty construct an order more appropriate to its inherent nature and acquisitions.

WHAT this order shall ultimately be, Mr. Wallas does not here consider. In this latest volume he is analysing the problem, working out a method and an approach, in a way that can not fail to stimulate varied constructive inventions on the part of his readers. If Mr. Wallas's methods are "scientific" in their exquisite deference to actual material, if his spirit is patient with the patience of wanting to take into account every relevance, he has also the scope and the courage of the scientist, that neither limits nor prescribes conclusions. He evinces the daring that Professor Einstein admires in the realms of physics. "Great and fundamental achievements in science," says Professor Einstein, "are not brought about by tinkering with details and effecting petty improvements, but rather by radical re-examination of fundamental ideas, and trusting the scientific imagination in the suggestion of new departures or lines of development." In the social field, Mr. Wallas gives us such a "radical re-examination," which is itself yet another invigorating proof that man who has fashioned the means of his social heritage with his own body and brain can still be greater than his tools.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

THE following recent books are recommended to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Impressions and Comments," by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Wall," by John Cournoos. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"The Wreck," by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.



To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;

. . . . .  
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!

READERS of this paper require no restatement of the FREEMAN's aims and policy, for these are implicit in all its editorial utterances. Our subscribers have long since become aware that the editors are not animated by a "glad" optimism, and that, in spite of the occasional charge that we are pessimists, we do not partake of the doleful spirit that marks the poetry which adorns the head of this page. The editors recognize the social, political and economic conditions that confront the world, and know that to prescribe mere sweetness and light when the patient's state shrieks for the fresh air, proper exercise and wholesome diet of fact and enlightened opinion, is to fail to function intelligently.

What then is to be done? The thinking man, anxious to see life as it is, finds himself surrounded by influences that tend to make life appear as they think it ought to be. He seeks refuge among those who are lustily battling to uncover truth, and is at once called destructionist, croaker, iconoclast, and even—if his attacker happens to be particularly excited—bolshevist. The FREEMAN has been called all of these things, but manages to emerge unharmed and with a growing circulation.

It would seem as if many people perceive that now, if ever, public life calls for criticism, and that only through criticism can fundamental injustices be discerned. They recognize, too, that criticism is not synonymous with destruction, that it is frequently the root of incentive and that when it is administered good-naturedly, when it proceeds out of wisdom and is expressed in adequate language, it becomes something exceedingly rare and thoroughly beneficent.

Autumn is almost upon us: start your friends in the FREEMAN habit now. The enthusiasm of our readers has served to increase our circulation steadily throughout the summer. With their help we expect to increase to such an extent that before Christmas the FREEMAN will be in thousands of homes and libraries in which it is now unknown.

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